

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 258.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1821.

PRICE 8d.

Review of New Books.

SHREWSBURY CORRESPONDENCE.

Private and original Correspondence of Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, with King William, the Leaders of the Whig Party, &c. &c. From the Family Papers in the possession of her Grace the Duchess of Buccleugh. Never before published. By William Coxe, F.R.S. &c. London, 1821. Longman & Co. 4to. pp. 605.

THE talents of the Rev. Archdeacon Coxe, and his ability for editing a collection of this kind, have been made so manifest by his many standard works, connected with modern history, that we were rejoiced to find him at the labour on, in adding one more to the number, and piloting a correspondence so interesting as that of the Duke of Shrewsbury's with King William into the open channel of publication.

The Preface, after noticing the principal books which throw a light on this period of our annals, and calling our attention to the importance of the persons whose opinions are here unfolded,—the chief actors in the Revolution of 1688— informs us that these papers are divided into three parts; the first, comprising the earliest period of Shrewsbury's official career as Secretary, to his resignation in 1690,—the negotiation to induce him to return to office in 1695,—and his correspondence with the Sovereign, from his second appointment in April 1694 to his departure for the Continent in 1700.

As this part must suffice for our present purpose, we shall not occupy time with detailing Parts II. and III. till they come immediately before us, which they will do in successive Numbers.

But we cannot enter upon any part of this volume without alluding to the melancholy emotions which the view it presents of human nature is calculated to excite. The utter want, not merely of honour, but of common honesty in men of all ranks and all parties; the baseness of Whigs and the profligacy of Tories; the insincerity of ministers and the treachery of those in whom confidence was reposed, are most painful matters to contemplate, even at the distance of a long century. All readers of history have heard much of the difficulties with which William had to contend: here they are developed in a manner which will, we think, astonish those who have attached the most exaggerated idea to such statements; and it is consolatory to find that, in the midst of all the infamy around him, the King himself displays a noble character, at once manly and considerate, decisive and straight-forward, simple and profound.

We therefore cordially agree with the able author in his opinion of His Majesty (Preface, page 11,) though we cannot feel the same unanimity on the assertion of the Duke of Shrewsbury's "respectful frankness and spirit of independence." Never did we see any thing more shuffling and inefficient than the whole conduct of the ministry; hardly any situation more distressing than that into which they threw their royal master. None but villains or fools could have acted as they did—or perhaps a mixture of both. But we will exemplify the correspondence in the first place with an instance rather more curious in its kind, namely, the letters of Mrs. Villiers, the mistress of the king, and Mrs. Lundee, who held the same office under Shrewsbury, negotiating for that nobleman's return to office in 1693. These would be deemed strange diplomatists in our day; at least we, who are not in Cabinet secrets, hope that the affairs of the country are every way differently managed now from what they were at the close of the 17th century, according to the showing of the Shrewsbury Papers. Whatever were the personal attractions of the ladies, the royal favourite was evidently inferior in literary attainments to her friend. She, Mrs. Villiers, writes—

"Monday night.—I found the king in a temper I wish you could have seen, because I cannot expect it, for your being gone into the country. I saw that concern that I am sure could not but be sincere; for what design could he have in despair of you, my lord; saying to me, you were in the wrong, in an agreeable manner of you. I took the liberty to judge of your reason for your avoiding to hear. I said I believed you so sincere, that it could be no other but your not being convinced, that he wished you to serve with the esteem that the world has of you. He assured me, that when he valued any body as he did you, he could easily forget some mistakes. In short, my lord, I write now by the king's commands, to assure you, that he desires you to come back, and serve him and the nation; and since you have the justice done you to be popular, I must say, you ought to return. I cannot think you can refuse him. I said I thought it was impossible, supposing you had thoughts of doing it some few days ago."

"After adding that she was undone, if her application did not succeed, as the king would never forgive the disappointment, she continues:

"If you doubt what I say, you shall have a letter at or near London, to assure you of it from himself. I leave a good deal to Mrs. Lundee to say, which would make this too long, whom I am extremely obliged to for this favour. I cannot return it but in being just to her, that she merits the trust reposed in her. I have a great satisfaction with the expectation of your answer, for I am per-

suaded you cannot fail in your judgment in this; since the king has condescended to ask what you are the only man that can deserve. Upon my word, I did not propose writing; but pretending to judge of your reasons, shewed that there had been messages; and therefore being thought sincere, he said I might write in his name, and he believed, though I did not know you: He would have writ; but he does not know by whom I send, so it was not thought proper to venture his own hand. This will engage me to what I wish extremely, &c."

This epistle not having produced immediately the designed effect, Mrs. Lundee, who had clearly been gained over to that side, thus artfully writes to her cher ami—

"Nov. 10.—I could not write sooner than this, post to you, because I did not get to London till Sunday evening. My friend was surprised at my ill success. She said but little, but I believe thought enough. She still wishes you could change, as she is convinced the king desires the same, with more sincerity than is possible to make you believe. She is angry, but it is in your power to make her otherwise. The severest thing I heard her say was, your obstinacy was even to a passion. But I could not suffer her to mistake so much as to give the worst character, to what deserved the best; for I told her what she called obstinacy in you, I knew was resolution and courage, in persevering in whatever your judgment directed you was right, though never so contrary to your humour; but granting you were wrong in your opinion, till you could be convinced, you are in the right to persist in it. And certainly among all the virtues, this firmness of mind justly challenges the precedence, and is the guardian of all the rest.

"Now, to comfort you for frightening you in this part of my letter, I must tell you the justice I did you was not ineffectual, for she thinks of you as I do, and what can you desire more? She told me the whole time I was away, her thoughts were employed studying how to oblige you. I think there were a great many advantageous things designed for you, to recompense the trouble of the seals; a dukedom was to have been given you immediately, and in so pretty a manner, you were not to know it till your patent was passed for it. This is a secret, and you must never take notice that I gave you the least hint of it. Believe me, this has not dazzled my eyes so much as to make me let fall one word to persuade you to come into the government. But your friend has assured me every thing goes well beyond expectation, and being assured of her sincerity, and indeed having a good opinion of her judgment, I cannot but wish you would consider once more, and do not be partial to your own sense, though I am persuaded it is very good; yet what the fortune-teller said of you, runs on my mind: 'You were one that would often stand in your own light.' I fancy you

will have a letter from the king. This you must not seem to know neither, for it would injure me, and not serve you.

"Pray write to me the post you receive this; and let me hear when you think of coming to London, and how long you will be in town before I shall see you. I believe you will hardly read my letter, but I cannot help it: my head aches intolerably."

By such persuasions Shrewsbury, who was either timid or coquettish, was prevailed on to accept the seals; and we now pass on to his official correspondence with the King—a correspondence, we imagine, unequalled in the port-folio of any other prime minister that ever existed. To show the way in which a Cabinet Council in those days thought they discharged their duty to their sovereign, fighting abroad at the head of his army, we quote the following—

"*Whitehall, Aug. 3-13, 1694.*—Sir; Yesterday, when Mr. Secretary Trenchard sent your majesty a letter, the result of what the committee had advised, I did not trouble you with my opinion, because I thought I had discovered something of that in my former letter, but chiefly because the committee were unanimous in no one thing, so much as resolving to give no judgment. When they were so diffident of their united, you may be sure I was much more so of my own single, and therefore I had not presumed to say any more to your majesty upon this subject, but that the queen did me the honour to send for me, and chide me, saying, that in so important and nice a point, I ought not only to give your majesty an account of my own thoughts, but, as near as I could, collect the thoughts of the whole committee. It is, therefore, in obedience to her commands, and no presumption of my own, that I venture to report to your majesty, that every body agreed, the decision ought to be left to Mr. Russell, who alone could judge whether, with the assistance proposed and promised from hence, the fleet might, with reasonable safety, winter at Cadiz. My lord president thought it too nice a point, and declared he would give no opinion; but managed his arguments so well for and against it, that I will not decide what opinion he is of; but am sure he has left himself latitude enough to be of either, as the event shall give occasion.

"My lord Normanby, the first day of the consultation, was the most clear and violent of any there for the fleet's remaining; but the next day changed his mind, and took great pains to shew his dissent. My lord steward was in the country, and my lord chamberlain absent. My lord keeper, as much as I can recollect, was so inclined for the fleet's staying, that he wished it might be represented, with all the advantage the thing will bear, of what use it would be if Mr. Russell could be supplied, as that the fleet might early be useful the next summer: my lord privy seal and myself were of the same mind. My lord Romney was ready to declare himself positive for the fleet's staying, and Mr. Secretary to-day owned that was his mind.

"After what was represented in Mr. Secretary's letter yesterday, there remains not much for me to say upon this subject. The advantages that may ensue from the fleet's stay, are certainly more in number, and appear to me more likely to happen; but the danger that is possible from it, of more im-

portance. If the fleet can stay, and be fitted out the next summer, nothing can be attempted by the French in those seas this autumn. You will protect the Turkey trade, both this and the next year. The next summer your majesty will certainly be master in the Mediterranean as well as in the ocean; and if the French should avoid a battle, and cooep themselves up at Toulon, such a quantity of bomb vessels might be sent as would probably destroy their fleet in port; or, if that fails, might lay in ashes many populous and rich towns upon that coast. The report of their being designed to continue there, would, in all probability, strike such a terror in France, as would incline them this winter to ask a reasonable peace.

"If the fleet comes away, the French are left at liberty to act any thing upon Barcelona, or otherwise, upon that coast, just as if no fleet had been sent. The merchant ships in those seas, and the men of war left to defend them, will be exposed to imminent danger, and that trade destroyed, because the French will remain masters, till such another fleet be sent, which will hardly be worth while again, if it be so soon to be recalled; and the great ships will unavoidably be exposed, let them come away as soon as they receive orders, to cross the Bay of Biscay in a later season than were to be wished, and are afterwards to pass through the channel, which has never been counted safe, later than the equinoxes.

"But to all these plausible arguments, that make one fond of their staying, there is one objection, that I confess is of the greatest moment to England; that if the ships proposed to be sent to refit the fleet, should either be taken by the enemy, lost in storms, or unreasonably detained by contrary winds, your ships there will many of them be unserviceable, and this nation exposed to what the French may attempt, if they should be masters at sea. When there is but a bare possibility of such a misfortune, it closes one's mouth; and I have nothing more to add, but that I hope your majesty will think this letter only proper for your own breast, and believe it comes from one full of zeal for your own service, as becomes," &c. &c.

How such counsels perplexed the king appears in many interesting letters from him: we select one.

The King to the Duke of Shrewsbury.

"*Camp of Mont St. André, August 6-16, 1694.*—I received this morning your letter of the 31st July, and I hope that the committee will be of your opinion, that the fleet should winter in the Mediterranean, namely, at Cadiz. As to myself, I entirely agree with you, for the reasons you mention; but I did not think proper to issue positive orders, without being apprised of your sentiments in England, particularly as I do not know whether the ships can be there refitted and re victualled, should the resolution be adopted for their continuance in the Mediterranean. The Dutch I am assured, will give their consent, and take care to provide all the necessities requisite for the maintenance of their ships; but unless positive orders for his continuance in the Mediterranean are speedily dispatched to Admiral Russell, I fear he will be already on his return. I impatiently wait for the next post, that I may know the opinion of the committee on this affair."

"P.S. Since I wrote to you above, the

courier is arrived with a letter from Mr. Secretary, of the 2nd-12th. I do not know if I rightly comprehend him, but it appears, that the committee are of opinion, that admiral Russell should winter at Cadiz, but dare not declare that opinion, through fear of being responsible for the event. I do wish that they had spoken more clearly on this occasion, and indeed they ought to have done so, to prevent my being exposed to the supposition of acting solely from my own opinion; but as there is no time to deliberate, I am reduced to the necessity of coming to some determination, and I have accordingly resolved, to order admiral Russell to winter, with his whole squadron, at Cadiz. May God grant that this may succeed, for the good of the kingdom, and for the welfare of our allies."

It is well known that Sir John Fenwick, when accused of high treason, charged Shrewsbury and Admiral Russell with being in communication with the ex-monarch. How far the following circumstance, mentioned by King William, may confirm that suspicion, we may leave to be determined. It occurs in a letter from the Camp Boquet, dated Sept. 6, 1695, and addressed by his Majesty to the Duke of Shrewsbury—

"Some time ago I received a letter* for you from admiral Russell. I opened it, and find it so extraordinary, that I shall keep it till my return, and speak to you upon it. It passed through France, and I do not know whether he sent it that way that it might be opened and read; but even if that was not his intention, it was inconceivably imprudent."

With these selections we must now content ourselves. To a volume of this bulk, wherein almost every page contains an important historical record, throws a new light upon the times, or opens a more correct view of men and events than was before attainable, it is impossible that our limited space can render further justice than by exhibiting a few of the bricks of which it is constructed; a poor sample of the temple, we confess, but all that we can bring forward. The book itself belongs in the most direct relation to our national history, which is not complete in one of its most important eras without this new and important addition.

*We shall quote the letter here referred to in our next, as it belongs to the second division:—it is an extraordinary document.

Letters of Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey. With a Memoir, and illustrative Notes. London 1821. Murray. 8vo. pp. 332.

OUR readers know the value which we attach to publications of this class; and we consider ourselves fortunate in having this slighter but equally genuine sketch of a later period, namely, the middle of last century, to press into the same Number of our *Gazette* which contains the notice of the Shrewsbury Papers. Such publications are the true correctives of history; perhaps the only means by which real facts are to be obtained; for the partial colouring of personal feelings in private correspondence is a transparency of obscurity in compa-

rison with the impenetrable haze which regular history, generalizing, theorizing, and speculating, brings on.

Lady Hervey, the writer of these Letters, was born in 1700. She was the daughter of Brigadier-General Lepel, and Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline; in whose court she shone a twin star of beauty with the celebrated Miss Bellenden (afterwards Duchess of Argyle,) and with her divided the admiration of that day. She, it will be remembered, was eulogized by Pope, Gay, and others: even Voltaire wrote a copy of complimentary verses to her in English. In October 1720, she was married to John Lord Hervey, with whom the Bard of Twickenham having had some difference, he unsaid his praise of the "fair Lepel," and spoke of her disadvantageously. Lady Hervey had four sons and four daughters, and was left a widow in 1743. From that period she devoted herself to her family, and to the society of the Earl of Bristol, her late husband's father. She appears to have cultivated the friendship of many eminent persons; and, among others, to have been much regarded by Horace Walpole. She died of hereditary gout in 1768; having had occasion for many preceding years to lament that her inferior extremities were not, as in a Mermaid, *fish* instead of tortured *flesh*.

The correspondence here preserved commences in 1742, continues, with breaks and interruptions, to the last year of the writer's existence, and is addressed to the Rev. Edmund Morris, who had been tutor to her eldest son. Many of the subjects are unquestionably of little value beyond the epistolary circle of their original sphere, but some are of greater public curiosity, and even in the most private communications we occasionally meet with traits and anecdotes pleasing to be preserved. These qualities, and the easy style of the letters, recommend the book, although it is very slight; and it is further indebted to an editor whose intelligence and information have enabled him (whoever he is) to throw considerable interest into the notes. We suspect, from a hint in one of these, that he knows more of the Stuart papers than most people do: at any rate his remarks are as valuable additions to the work as its gauzy texture admitted of being wrought into it.

The annexed letter is as favourable a specimen of the writer's powers on general subjects, as we can transcribe: it is justly observed, in a note upon it, that "it will show how little there is new under the sun, and that the feuds and parties of a century ago were marked by characteristics which are equally descriptive of those which disturb our own times; and Lady Hervey's remarks are as just and as applicable to-day as they were eighty years ago."

The letter itself is as follows:—

"*Ickworth, Nov. 18, 1743.*—I quite agree with you indeed, sir, in thinking the licentiousness which at present prevails under the name of liberty infinitely surpasses any that was ever authorised in the most free of any civilised country.

"It is, in my opinion, the easiest thing in nature to perceive, by all the writings that have for some time appeared, that all the warmth that is felt, and all the resentment that is expressed, is purely against persons, not things; it is not what shall be done, but who shall do them. I do not know that any of the measures have been right; I rather believe the contrary: but I am full as much persuaded that is not the cause of the heat and rage that universally appears: it is from interest, envy, ambition, and disappointment in the leaders; it is from their art, and, above all, the malice, rancour, insolence, and malignity of the lower sort, who are always glad to seize on any pretence to gratify those dispositions, by first abusing, and then trampling on authority. If this was not the true cause of it, all patriots would not so constantly sell the people, nor would the people be always so saleable a commodity: the former would sometimes persevere steadily in their principles, or the latter would at length perceive the others had none: but I conclude it is tacitly understood among them, that the patriots for the time being shall be upheld by the vulgar till they reach the wished-for height; and the vulgar, in return, shall be aided, abetted, and encouraged, in mutiny and mischief, which is their chief happiness, let it light where it will. I think the heads of neither party are likely or able to prevent it. Parts are not wanting on either side, but capacity is deficient in each, and heat and resentment they have in common to both: but what have they not, is a man with a cool head, who has more judgment than wit; who can act steadily with temper, rather than write elegantly with fire; who wishes his real, rather than imaginary, advantage, and will consequently see that it cannot be disjoined from the good of the whole; I mean that of king as well as people, and of people as well as king; who will not justify oppression on one side, nor authorize rebellion on the other, but will maintain a due and strict subordination in all its gradations; for I find many people who approve it with regard to those below them, but will not submit to it in those ranks above them; and those who expect to receive ought to be equally ready to pay, or else they themselves weakly frustrate what they aim at. But now, indeed, people, instead of endeavouring to acquire a good character for themselves, seem only industrious to fix a bad one upon others. I confess to you, I have not patience to see men of wit, knowledge, and ingenuity, make no other use of those advantages, but to tear one another in pieces in the most cruel manner, and expose and lessen each other in the eyes of such as have no degree of those qualities they so eminently possess; and who, by barely doing justice to each other, might be almost adored by the rest of the world.

"Several of the pamphlets that have lately appeared are, in my opinion, writ with great wit, great art, and great ingenuity; but that leaven of bitterness and rancour, which is predominant in every one of them, to me spoils the taste of them all. This was always my opinion: I have long seen, felt, and lamented this spirit on both sides. Pray, if you have heard who are really, or most probably, supposed to be the authors of the five or six best pamphlets that have lately appeared, do me the favour to let me know: some of them I guess at, others I cannot. The "*Te Deum*" I have seen, and

disapprove extremely of treating in so ludicrous a manner, what at least the religion and laws of our country have consecrated; nor do I think it so well done, that the wit can compensate for the impiety of it. I hear there will be some changes soon; but I do not give much credit to that report, and still less to another I have heard, which is, that Mr. Pelham declares against taking the Hanover forces again into our pay, and will oppose it both in the cabinet and the parliament."

In a similar letter, a year's later date, we have another neat glance at the politics of the times.

"My resolving (says Lady H.) to look into political papers is not from supposing I shall come at the least more truth in this study than in the other; but if one does not know how to use the words *war, invasion, treaty, minister, patriot, rogue, and rascal*, with all the rest of the political jargon, one must not pretend to correspond, or converse with any human creature, either in town or country. To qualify myself, therefore, to do both in perfection, I will get a good deal of assurance, an equal quantity of scurrility, which, with the ignorance I am already mistress of, will fit me for the genteel societies, and make me, like the light-bodied chariots that are advertised, fit either for town or country."

In 1756, the writer paid a visit to Scotland, and her description of a southern part of that country is one of the most vivid and interesting pictures we have seen. It is dated "Mellerstein,† September 11th," and thus paints Dr. Johnson's land of barrenness—

"Since I came into this country, which is now about ten weeks ago, I have been so taken up with seeing places, receiving and returning visits, and enjoying the conversation of my dearest, oldest friends, Lady Murray and her family, that I have had very little time to write, except to Lord Bristol and Augustus.

"This country is far from being so bad an one as English prejudice and English ignorance represent it. A great part of it is barren, because they want hands to cultivate it; or at least they did so formerly, when the borderers and they were at perpetual war: but now they begin to improve their lands, and to plant. The whole face of the country will be totally changed in fifty years more. I never saw greater quantities of fine corn, of all sorts, than here: the hills are planted with all sorts of forest-trees, and thrive uncommonly well; the country is well watered; there are several noble, beautiful rivers, full of excellent fish. The sea, that beautifies so many of their towns, and their views, yields them great quantities of the finest fish. As for herrings and crabs, I do

* It was about this period that light carriages on springs began to supersede the wagon-like coaches of our ancestors.

† A few miles from Kelso, and now the seat of George Baillie, many years the justly esteemed and valued representative of Berwickshire in the British parliament.

‡ Grael, eldest daughter and heiress of George Baillie, of Jerviswood and Mellerstein (by the celebrated Lady Grael Hume,) widow of Sir Alexander Murray, of Stanhope, by whom having no issue, the Jerviswood estate devolved to her sister Rachael Lady Binning, and to her second son George, who took the name of Baillie.

not believe I shall ever be able again to taste what is called so in England; they are not like the same fish. The Tweed and the Tiviot afford the best salmon I ever tasted: the trout, the smelts, the perch, are incomparable: nor are the air and the land less favourable: all the wild fowl are excellent; and the moor-fowl and black-game, which I never tasted till I came here, exceed all other fowl: the hares are as good as in France, and far beyond any in England. As for beef and mutton, I never eat such before. The venison, indeed, is not good, but they lay that to the season, which has been very bad; and to the same, the very little and indifferent fruit they have had this year: not a peach, an apricot, or a nectarine is to be seen; very fine-looking raspberries and strawberries; but hardly any currants: yet their gardens abound with fruit-trees, and bushes of all sorts; and they tell me, in good years, they have great quantities, and very good. I have seen many very pretty places, and some very fine ones. The Duke of Roxborough has two very fine seats, with noble plantations; one of them has a terrace of seven hundred feet long, that slopes down to a beautiful meadow, with the Tweed washing the bottom of it; which turns meandering in view of the house, and meets the Tiviot. The opposite shore is beautified with plantations; meadows full of cattle; with views of several gentlemen's houses: on one hand is the town of Kelsoe, with a very good bridge, with four arches: on the other hand is a sort of hill, covered with trees and shrubs; at the top of which rises out of it the ruins of Roxborough Castle. The house is a great pile of stone building, in a bad, though modern taste: but from the size of it there is an air of grandeur and magnificence. His other seat has a fine and large park, planted with all sorts of trees, of about sixty or seventy years good growth: all one side of the park lies open to the sea, which has a fine effect; and from thence one sees the town of Dunbar, and an island in the Frith.

["Lord Haddington's," Tynningham, near Dunbar, and "Lord Hopton's," Hopetoun House, are also vividly described; and the letter concludes.]

"I have seen many more fine places: the worst thing in Scotland is its capital, which is a frightful dirty town,* though paved as well as St. James's-square. I like the people in general; they are most of them sensible and learned; and have a very cheerful heartiness and good-humour about them: but I must leave them soon to my great regret."

But it is not our intention to extract any more of these letters at length. The above will suffice to give an idea of their genus, and at these Christmas times of abundance, we presume that our friends may be so dainty as to relish the plums only, which we will accordingly pick out for them, and leave the pudding (no disparagement to Lady Hervey) for a cold fish hereafter in its own shape. The first notices of men and books, since become famous, are very interesting, and of these, together with

* The New Town of Edinburgh is now one of the most regular and cleanest in Europe; yet its regularity appears somewhat dull, compared with the picturesque variety and grandeur of the Old Town.

the anecdotes scattered through the volume; we shall form the conclusion of our olla. The appearance of *The Rambler* in 1744 is a fit beginning. Lady H. writes—

"There are a set of papers that have come out twice a week, ever since the latter end of March, entitled the *Rambler*, that are all distinct essays on various subjects, and which I think extremely well written. The subjects, the manner of treating them, and the language, I think very much in the style of Mr. Melmoth, the author of *Sir Thomas Fitzosborne's Letters*, and the translator of Pliny's; but I have not heard that he is the writer of these papers, nor any guess from any body I agree, who is."

Literary Anecdotes.—"May it not be reasonably concluded, that Horace and Virgil themselves submitted to, even sought for, corrections, at least verbal ones, from Mæcenas, or even Augustus himself? Why not, when I know that Dr. Middleton's Cicero, which still wants so much polishing of that kind, had many low words and collegiate phrases blotted out of it by Lord Hervey; that Lord Bolingbroke's criticisms improved Mr. Pope's performances, and that Lord Halifax did not only patronize the poets, but correct their poetry?"

Paris in 1751. Fontenelle.—"Here is as great variety of company as can be imagined: coteries to suit one in every humour (except a melancholy one) that one can be in. I dine sometimes with a set of *beaux esprits*, among which old Fontenelle presides. He has no mark of age but wrinkles, and a degree of deafness: but when, by sitting near him, you make him hear you, he never fails to understand you, and always answers with that liveliness, and a sort of prettiness, peculiar to himself. He often repeats and applies his own and other people's poetry very agreeably; but only occasionally, as it is proper and applicable to the subject. He has still a great deal of gallantry in his turn and in his discourse. He is ninety-two, and has the cheerfulness, liveliness, and even the taste and appetite of twenty-two."

R. Cumberland 1757.—"We have a sensible, modest, well behaved young man here, who has the seeds of poetry in him. He has wrote some lines on Eastbury and its master, which show, that time and a little cultivation will enable the soil to produce very good fruit. His name is Cumberland; he was of Cambridge, and is a *protegé* of Lord Halifax."

Robertson the historian 1759.—"There is a history of Scotland, chiefly during the reigns of Queen Mary and her son James, that every one runs mad after: I have not heard two opinions about it: 'tis wrote by one Robertson, a young man, and a Presbyterian preacher, who has never lived a year out of Scotland; and yet, they say, his candour and his style are admirable. My friend, David Hume, has also just published his two volumes of the History of the Tudors, which will meet his two other volumes of the History of the Stuarts. His candour and his writing are, in my opinion, superior to any: I don't speak of Robertson's, for I have not yet read it."

Tristram Shandy.—"The book you inquire after is by some people thought to have humour; 'tis to me a tiresome unsuccessful attempt at it. There is a sermon in it which is very well wrote, and the language so good

that 'tis difficult to imagine, it wrote by the same author. Upon the whole, I never was less satisfied or amused by any performance in my life."

Accession of Geo. III.—"How very happy a death, and how luckily timed for him, was that of the late king!—taken off at the most glorious period of his reign, shining with success and glory, before even that cloud came over it, which, had he lived but one day longer,† would have been known by him, and have grieved him extremely; but he was remarkably well and cheerful the night before, not otherwise in the morning, and at once, without pain, sickness, or the other inconveniences of a death-bed, he barely *ceased to be*. Happy, happy man! Every one, I think, seems to be pleased with the whole behaviour of our young king; and indeed so much unaffected good nature and propriety appears in all he does or says, that it cannot but endear him to all; but whether any thing can long endear; a king or an angel in this strange factious country, I can't tell. I have the best opinion imaginable of him, not from any thing he does or says just now, but because I have a moral certainty that he was in his nursery the honestest, true, good-natured child that ever lived; and you know my old maxim, that qualities never change; what the child was, the man most certainly is, in spite of temporary appearances."

Anecdote.—"In 1742 William Pulteney, who, a year before, had been the most violent and popular patriot of modern times, had dwindled into the Earl of Bath. Sir Robert Walpole, when forced to retire with the peerage, had laid this trap for his antagonist, and the greedy patriot fell into it. On their first meeting after their respective *falls upstairs*, Lord Orford said to Lord Bath, with a malicious good-humour, 'My lord, you and I are now the two most insignificant fellows in England.'"

Westminster Election 1749.—"The royal family have been, as most families are, greatly divided on this occasion. The Princess Amelia wrote many letters with her own hand to solicit votes, and the duke sent about both his lord of the bed-chamber and the captain of the guards, not only to solicit, but expostulate with tradesmen; whilst the earl of the prince, on the other side, induced him to join with the mob, who followed his chair, in crying out, No French strollers! Englishmen and English hearts for ever! For my part I was so tired of the two names of Trentham and Vaudeput, whilst I was in town, that I could almost have joined with the gentlemen who, beset on both sides his coach by the opposite mobs crying out for the opposite candidates, called out G—d d—m them both! and indeed I fancy one

* George II. died as he sat at breakfast at Kensington on Saturday morning, 25th October.

† She alludes to the affair at Camper, on the 16th of October, in which the British troops in the allied army suffered a considerable loss. The account arrived in the course of the day on which the king died.

‡ George III. Again we have to admire Lady Hervey's excellent judgment; and the treatment which his late Majesty met with, at different periods of his reign, justifies, in the most painful manner, her doubt whether the virtues of an angel can endear "its king to this strange factious country." But how happily did his Majesty's long and admirable life justify the estimate which Lady Hervey had made of his disposition and character!

may say of those two candidates, as Lady Townshend very humorously did of the two Sir Thomas Robinsons, the one of whom is very tall and thin, the other very plump and low, and who had both offended her: "I can't imagine why the one should be preferred to the other. I see but little difference between them; the one is as broad as the other is long."

On the death of Lord Albemarle in 1755, George the Second granted a pension of 1200*l.* per ann. to his widow, of which transaction Lady H. gives the following account:—

"The king, when he was solicited for Lady Albemarle and her family, readily granted the request, but said it was hard that a man who for thirty years past had every thing he asked for, which was every thing that was to be had, should, at his death, leave him his whole family to keep,—adding what he had often said of him when alive, that he was *un vaillant aimable*."

She continues in the same letter—

"Lord Montford's strange end surprised me a good deal, as he seemed as happy as a great taste for pleasure and an ample fortune to gratify it could make him, with many friends, few disappointments, and a cheerful temper. I never heard of more coolness than that with which he put an end to his life. I as yet hear no reason assigned for this event, but that *tedium vite*, which is so frequent in this country. He had supped and played at White's, as usual, the night before, but sent to a lawyer he made use of, to come to him the next day at eleven o'clock, having himself *business* at twelve. The lawyer, with Lord Montford, read over his will three times, examining very carefully every word, that there might not be any flaw or room left for a dispute. He then sealed up the will and the duplicate, putting the one into his drawer, and desiring the lawyer to take care of the other; went immediately into his bed-chamber, and before the man could take his papers and get down stairs, Lord Montford shot himself through the head."

Bon Mot. In the same year Lord Poulett moved an address to the king not to visit his electoral dominions, and was made on the 24th April, but with so little approbation, that his motion was not seconded, nor his speech answered. Mr. Legge said pleasantly on this occasion, "Poor Lord Poulett has had a stroke of apoplexy, and has lost both *speech and motion*."

Gen. Dumourier. A note mentions that this celebrated person was present when Damien stabbed the King of France in January 1757. He was then nine years old, and is now probably the only living witness of that memorable event.

Having placed so many agreeable memoranda together, we shall now take our leave of Lady Hervey's volume, and of her editor's annotations. The change in manners since these letters were written is more remarkable than the change in style, for we find her ladyship at one time complaining that so late as seven o'clock in the evening her dinner company had not departed! In setting out we surmised that the editor had some internal knowledge of the Stuart papers now in St. James's Palace: this we ground on a hint (p. 194-5) that Lord Hyde

and Cornbury, whom Walpole calls *disinterested*, and of whom Pope says—

"Would you be blest? despise low joys,
low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains!"

was, in truth, a hypocrite and a traitor. We are the more sorry to fix the editing on a person in a station to be possessed of so much intelligence, because in another of his notes he indulges in a very unjust and very illiberal sneer against the Royal Society of Literature. We are sure that if he had taken the pains to inform himself of the proceedings towards the formation of that body, he would not have committed so gross a mistake as that of comparing it to the *Quarante* of Paris, or its objects with the listening to the Duc of Nivernois' Fables.

SARDANAPALUS. THE TWO FOSCARI. By Lord Byron.

It has been impudently to us that we speak harshly of Lord Byron's poetry, and do not highly enough estimate his transcendent genius. Such charges, we feel, could only originate in a misapprehension of our sentiments; for, without being dazzled into an admiration of his hideous tenets by the splendour with which he surrounds them, there are, as far as we can appreciate others' perceptions by our own, not many of his readers who enter more intensely than we do into his burning thoughts, and consent more willingly to his swoops of beauty. We are also particularly impugned by his Lordship's blind worshippers for entertaining the accusations of plagiarism which a correspondent did us the favour to offer for the *Literary Gazette*. To this we plead guilty.

We can imagine no possible question in the whole circle of literature more fairly open for discussion, than an investigation of this fact: it was candidly brought and treated in a liberal as well as able manner; and we must add, that we are not aware of any inquiry of the kind, where the truth of the assertion has been so irrefragably made out, as it has been that Lord Byron is a wholesale and retail plagiarist. But when we say this, are we to be represented as maintaining that his Lordship has no original powers, no poetical skill, no talent, no imagination: as well might it be alleged, if we held a lovely woman to be a *brunette* whom some one had called a *blonde*, that we insisted she was a *negress*. Our argument is simply this; Lord Byron's productions are not entirely a diamond mine of his own discovering, but so much the reverse that by far the greater proportion of his gems have been dug out and wrought too by others, long before he took them in hand to cut, polish and set according to his own delightful and splendid fashion. This, however, is a subject upon which his Lordship has done us the honour to throw down his gauntlet, and we promise him that it is picked up, and that his challenge shall be met;—Goliath as he is, we will trust to truth and a sling for victory.

Turning to the business more directly before us, we venture to express our opinion

that dramatic composition is not that in which Lord Byron shines most brightly. He disclaims the stage, we know; but even for the closet his dialogues appear to us to be

— — — — long, dull and drear,
As great Lords' stories often are.

It is remarkable, that he who in *Childe Harold* and other poems gave such tremendous proofs of intensity of passion in language so forcible as almost to resemble a material engine wringing the nerves, should fall into the opposite extreme in his tragedies, and wire-draw the strongest emotions into a laboured tenuity, which lays no hold of the feelings, or if it does, has no power to retain that hold. Twenty pages employed in ringing the changes on a single passion; a shift of scene, and then twenty more—Sardanapalus ever repeating the same sentiments about his love of peace, and Foscari his about love of country, however finely couched in verse tire at last, and we would almost as soon hear one set of youths succeed another at the heifer of a famous chime in any of those delectable competitions called *triple bob majors*. In the dramas, as among the bells, there are passages of sweetness and of depth, but on the whole "the tingle-ingle-ling of the small bells at nine," and "the mighty tom," with their everlasting round, annoy the ear and fatigue the sense. The tragedy of Sardanapalus is so very level in its thoughts and style, and has so few bursts of inspiration, that were it not Lord Byron's, it might without injustice be suffered to pass unnoticed into the oblivion of the Assyrian empire to which it belongs; but emanating from a writer of such merited eminence, we are bound to pay it some attention.

Lord Byron states in his preface, that in this play he has attempted to preserve the unities, (in the Foscari, to approach them,) "conceiving that with any very distant departure from them, there may be poetry, but can be no drama. He is aware (he adds) of the unpopularity of this notion in present English literature; but it is not a system of his own, being merely an opinion, which, not very long ago, was the law of literature throughout the world, and is still so in the more civilized parts of it." We have no inclination to enter into the discussion of the state question of the unities with his Lordship; and we do consider the drama in England to be in so poor a state at present, as to afford ground for his Lordship's sneering exclusion of his native country from the civilized world. It is not quite a Jacopo Foscari sentiment to be sure, but patriotism hangs more loosely about the noble Lord than it does about his noble Venetian. But after all where are we to look for the pattern of civilization denied to Britain? In Italy, where the author resides?—a land of debasement, effeminacy, slavery and military despotism. The only regular dramas there, (unless they have adopted Cain,) seem to be farces of revolutions and Punch! In Spain?—where there is one general and bloody tragedy, but no regular plot. In France? where the stage is as low

as our own, and every turn is caught at for miserable political allusion. In Germany? where the mystic and the immoral have long held a conjoined reign. Or in America? where they only copy the trash of England. We are at a loss to discover the Utopia of dramatic civilization to which the noble Lord refers; and were we to go into the subject, we might demonstrate, that Shakespeare without the unities has not only produced better poems, but better dramas than Lord Byron, either in his preservation of or approach to these chains for the mind. Comparisons, however, are odious, and we must be content, barbarians as we are, to bolster up our prejudices as well as we can on behalf of Shakespeare and Nature against Aristotle and Rules. We now proceed to the exemplification of the latter in the reformed model of Sardanapalus.

He is king of Nineveh, addicted to pleasure; neglects his queen Zarina, and fervently loves a Greek slave, Myrrha. Salemenes, his wife's brother, is nevertheless his most faithful and bravest friend; while Arbaces, a Median Satrap, and Beleses, a Chaldean Priest, conspire against his throne and life. These, and a few officers, form the *personæ dramatis*, and the catastrophe involves the overthrow of the Assyrian dynasty, and the death of Sardanapalus. The character of the monarch is thus drawn in the out-set by Salemenes:

----- In his effeminate heart
There is a careless courage which corruption
Has not all quench'd, and latent energies,
Repress'd by circumstance, but not destroy'd—
Steep'd, but not drown'd, in deep voluptuousness.
If born a peasant, he had been a man
To have reach'd an empire; to an empire born,
He will bequeath none; nothing but a name,
Which his sons will not prize in heritage:—
Yet, not all lost, even yet he may redeem
His sloth and shame, by only being that
Which he should be, as easily as the thing
He should not be and is.

----- Alas! there is no sound
To rouse him short of thunder. Hark! the lute,
The lyre, the timbrel; the lascivious tinklings
Of lulling instruments, the softening voices
Of women, and of beings less than women,
Must chime in to the echo of his revel,
While the great king of all we know of earth
Lolls crown'd with roses, and his diadem
Lies negligently by to be caught up
By the first manly hand which dares to snatch it.

Upon this description one critical remark may be made. We do not object to the resemblance to Richard the Third in the allusion to the music; but when an author borrows from another, he ought to endeavour to improve, not deteriorate. The "lascivious pleasing of the lute" in the bard of Avon is made to accompany the capering nimbly in a lady's chamber—the instrument, the music, and the action suit; but Lord Byron mistakes the effect of "lascivious tinklings" when he speaks of them as *lulling*. That *drowsy tinklings* lull the *distant fold*, is a proper image only in consequence of the *distance*; and *tintinnabular clatter* in one's bed-room is about the most unlikely persuasive to sleep that could be imagined.

But this is a very minor point, and, were it not that in compositions of the highest class we look for the utmost precision, would scarcely be worth notice. The same may be observed of lines which are too near quotations.

"Till then let each be mistress of her time."
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night.—*Macbeth*.

"A green spot amid desert centuries" is we believe a copy verbatim, and Sardanapalus' banquet at the beginning of Act III. is a sort of paraphrase of Moore's song about "Eyes that sparkle here." There is also another blemish of not quite so trivial a nature: we mean the very frequent want of measure in the poetry. It seems as if hourly familiarity with a foreign tongue had untuned Lord Byron's ear to the harmony of his own; certainly we do not meet with such abrupt and prosaic verses in any of his earlier compositions. We cite the following from among hundreds of lines, as being neither heroic rhythm nor poetry of any kind.

"How darest thou name me and not blush."
"If I must shed blood, it shall be by force."
"Like the blood he predicts. If not in vain."
"From the sky to preserve their seer and credit."
"Would change, for the sake of my house, the charter."
"On the flood, in the field, or if it must be."
"Of the sire as has fallen upon the son."

These lines are no more poetry than our Review, and we should like to see the Author's greatest admirer moulding them into any pronunciation at all resembling verse. When this is done, perhaps such as the following may be shown to be worthy of tragic dignity. Salemenes, earnestly exhorting the king of his danger, says,

My lord, and king, and brother,
I pray ye pause;—

To which the monarch of Assyria replies, like a naughty school-boy,

Yes, and be sermonized,
And dinn'd, and deafen'd.

In the same uncharacteristic tone he speaks throughout the play of his renowned grandmother Semiramis, of whom he tells his brother he "*prates*." She is sarcastically his

Martial grandam, chaste Semiramis,—

or directly a "blood-loving beldame;" and in short is abused in more low terms than any hero of St. Giles's would use in speaking of his dead father's dead mother. Nor does this admixture of vulgar phrases appear to be casual; the sublime and the mean are diligently mingled throughout. Alcides wears "Lydian Omphale's *she-garb*;"—a wound throbs "*sufficiently*," that is to say, violently,—"*femininely* meaneth furiously," a parenthesis to this simile:

----- Like the dam
Of the young lion femininely raging,
(And femininely meaneth furiously,
Because all passions in excess are female)—
And in like manner a

----- feminine farewell,
Ends as such partings end in no departure.

which is a poor jest in the mouth of a person like Salemenes, when his broken-hearted sister is bidding her lord an everlasting fare-

well on flying from his ruin to save her children!

These which we have specified are genera of improprieties and blemishes: peculiar instances will occur as we fulfil our purpose in quoting the most striking parts of the tragedies. Sardanapalus' picture of Bacchus is charming. *The Cupbearer enters with wine.*

Sardanapalus (taking the cup from him.)

Noble kinsman,

If these barbarian Greeks of the far shores
And skirts of these our realms lie not, this Bacchus
Conquer'd the whole of India, did he not?

Salemenes. He did, and thence was deem'd a deity.

Sardanapalus. Not so:—of all his conquests a few columns,

Which may be his, and might be mine, if I
Thought them worth purchase and conveyance, are
The landmarks of the seas of gore he shed,
The realms he wasted, and the hearts he broke.

But here, here in this goblet is his title
To immortality—the immortal grape
From which he first express'd the soul, and gave
To gladden that of man, as some atonement
For the victorious mischiefs he had done.

Had it not been for this, he would have been
A mortal still in name as in his grave;
And, like my ancestor Semiramis,
A sort of semi-glorious human monster.
Here's that which deified him—let it now
Humanize thee; my surly, chiding brother,
Pledge me to the Greek god!

Salemenes.

For all thy realms

I would not so blaspheme our country's creed.

Sardanapalus. That is to say, thou thinkest him a hero,

That he shed blood by oceans; and no god,
Because he turn'd a fruit to an enchantment,
Which cheers the sad, revives the old, inspires
The young, makes Weariness forget his toil,
And Fear her danger; opens a new world [thee
When this, the present, palls. Well, then, I pledge
And him as a true man, who did his utmost
In good or evil to surprise mankind. [Drinks.

The last sentiment is a Byron! So is the following matrimonial sketch:

Sardanapalus.

But [not, so?

Thou think'st that I have wrong'd the queen: is't
Salemenes. Think! Thou hast wrong'd her!

Sardanapalus. Patience, prince, and hear me.
She has all power and splendour of her station,
Respect, the tutelage of Assyria's heirs,
The homage and the appanage of sovereignty.
I married her as monarchs wed—for state,
And loved her as most husbands love their wives.
If she or thou supposedst I could link me
Like a Chaldean peasant to his mate,
Ye knew nor me, nor monarchs, nor mankind.

(To be concluded next week.)

Memoirs of Her Majesty Queen Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, Consort of George IV. King of Great Britain. By John Wilks, Jun. 8vo. 2 vols. Sherwood, Neely, & Jones.

WHAT means the author has possessed for obtaining accurate and authentic information on the important subject of his work, we know not.* That he has diligently employed himself on the materials he has been able to procure is apparent; and, upon the whole, we think that his natural partialities

* A letter has appeared in the Newspapers from Mr. Vizard, the late Queen's Solicitor, denying that her confidential advisers or lawyers had lent him any assistance.

and prejudices have not betrayed him into marked violence nor wilful misrepresentation. This sort of negative praise is as much as could be expected by such a performance; since none but a partisan would have undertaken the task, and it is much to find a partisan, in these days, allowing anything like truth or fairness to mingle with his statements.

Our abstinence in the *Literary Gazette* from every approach to political controversy will guide our readers to the view which we are inclined to take of Mr. Wilks' volumes. To re-open the cicatrices of a bleeding country, or fan the smothered embers of internal dissension, are not offices consistent with our sense of right; and all that we shall say therefore on the point most prominent in the Memoirs of Queen Caroline—the question of her guilt or innocence—is that as it has been answered before an eternal Judge, to that omniscient tribunal we submit in reverential silence its final judgment. Indeed this portion of the book would repay our analysis with the least possible share of novelty, for not only all the facts but all the reasoning which could be founded upon them, have been pressed upon the public understanding in a thousand ways, and with most persevering industry.

It will, we trust, be more agreeable to our readers, that we exemplify the biography of the Queen by selecting from the author's narrative such accounts as appear to be most original, and to relate to circumstances of interest and importance.

The history begins at the beginning in regular form, and presents us with the annals of her Majesty's ancestors, from Ernest the Confessor in 1497, even to our own times. We then come to her own early life, respecting which several curious, if entirely credible, particulars are detailed. She is represented as the favourite child of her father, and as having at a very early age indicated great wit and talents. The following is an instance—

"On one occasion, when she was about twelve years of age, her father requested the famous Mirabeau to make some lines, upon time and space; Caroline was present, and instantly exclaimed, 'L'espace se trouve dans le bouche de Madame' — et le temps dans sa visage;" applying it to an old very ugly lady of the Court. Her father publicly reproved her, and desired her to make an apology; she refused to do so, and he sent her out of the room. On another occasion, when reproached by a phlegmatic Courtier for the gaiety of her manners, and her heedlessness as to the future, she exclaimed, in German, 'Gone is gone, Sir; that which is gone, will never return,—and that which is to come, will come of itself.'"

She is further painted as possessing a very inquisitive and decided character—

"On every topic, however comparatively unimportant which presented itself to her attention, she claimed the privilege of forming her own opinion; and it was often said by her, 'that a person who does not form an opinion of his own, but suffers himself to be guided by that of others, is like a piece of barren ground which will not bear a single

blade of grass.' When but a child, her mind adopted this maxim; and the opinions of her tutors she therefore received only to investigate them. 'And pray, Madam,' she inquired one day of Lady de Bode (her Governess,) 'can you tell me why you are wicked?' 'Because an evil spirit impels me to do that which is wrong,' was the reply. 'But why do you suffer yourself to be impelled?' rejoined the Princess. 'Because I cannot overcome my bad nature.' 'Oh you cannot,' exclaimed Caroline; 'well, then, if you cannot, you are only like a piece of clay; and so, Madam, I do not think it is very wicked in you merely to be moulded.' The Governess attempted an explanation, but it was to no purpose; and the Princess walked away, exclaiming, in German, 'We are all very bad, very bad, but were so created.'"

Her Majesty's biographer goes on to show that in her youth she hated the restraints of Court etiquette; was fond of popularity and of children ("subsequently the occasion of consequences the most serious"); and acting on her own opinions, was not prone to defer much to the opinions of others. He adds,

"The Court of the Duke of Brunswick cannot justly be said to have been licentious, but yet it was gay. Love was, unquestionably, the ruling passion; and that love was ardent and daring, but it was not profligate or vicious. It has indeed been said, that the Princess was educated in vice: nothing can be more untrue. The great variety of characters which composed the Court of the Duke of Brunswick, and of the visitors who were constantly entertained by his munificent and generous spirit, necessarily entailed those evils which are attendant on promiscuous friendship. Thus the old veteran and the young warrior, the courtier and the politician, the man of loose or of dignified conduct there associated, and the Princess was introduced into the society of all. At the age of seventeen, her heart became impressed with the sentiments of love. To a German Prince, who was an officer of distinguished merit and reputation, she became attached, and that attachment was mutually received. For him she unquestionably cherished an affection the most sincere, but it was that of the heart and not of the passions."

"The real history of the attachment of the Princess of Brunswick to the German Soldier is now known to but three or four individuals, and two of them are resident on the Continent. The individual whom she so loved, was valiant, honourable, intelligent, amiable, and of good family; but a marriage with him was opposed by her mother, not only from views dictated by state policy, but also by family pride and prudence. Their mutual affection was long concealed; and during his absence from Brunswick, a correspondence was occasionally maintained, which tended to increase their regard. Her father, on ascertaining its existence, was displeased and disappointed, and, urged by her mother, peremptorily refused his acquiescence to the proposed marriage. Her entreaties were unavailing, and her threats disregarded; the German Prince and Officer was banished from the Court, and her heart never ceased to feel the melancholy and overwhelming disappointment. Her alleged flight with him is wholly untrue; though probably, even for that measure, her ardent love would have found excuses, if it could have been with pro-

priety accomplished. Her affection for her father was the chief preventive to such a proceeding, or to the consummation of a love which was as pure as it was permanent. It must here be admitted, that the disappointment which her heart experienced in her compelled renunciation of the German warrior, unhappily affected her situation and circumstances during the whole of her future life, and was one cause of that unhappiness which she subsequently endured. He died in battle, and his death occasioned the most acute distress to the heart of the Princess."

"Soon after the termination of her friendship with the German Prince, the Duke of Brunswick felt particularly desirous that his daughter should be united to the present King of Prussia. For some time he had visited at the Court of her father when a young man, and had interested him by his manners, his conduct, and his accomplishments; but the Princess peremptorily refused, and her mother was not very anxious on the subject. Her father yielded to her determination, and her mother now secretly entertained hopes that the Prince of Wales might become the husband of her daughter."

This union was prosecuted in 1794, and consummated in 1795. Of the former period Mr. Wilks states,

"In the commencement of the year 1794, after many previous intimations on the subject, the Duke of Brunswick received from his Majesty King George III. formal proposals for a marriage between the Prince of Wales and the Princess Caroline. On this receipt, the Duke immediately consulted his daughter, and her mother did not strive to conceal her happiness and delight. The Princess received the intelligence with composure amounting to indifference. That the proposed union was one by which her family would be elevated, and by which her own happiness might be improved she admitted, but her heart was of course unmoved by the prospect. Her consent she did not withhold, because although she had heard of the follies of the Prince, she had also heard of his virtues;—and his generosity and sensibility had been greatly extolled. Yet here it must be admitted, that the Princess neither did nor could love her future husband. Her affections had not been alienated from the German Prince, although their manifestation had been prevented, and indeed the precise state of her mind cannot be better explained than in her own words.

"In a letter written to a friend, dated 28th November 1794, she thus expressed herself:—

"You are aware, my friend, of my destiny. I am about entering into a matrimonial alliance with my first cousin, George, Prince of Wales. His generosity I regard, and his letters bespeak a mind well cultivated and refined. My uncle is a good man, and I love him very much; but I feel that I shall never be inexpressibly happy. Estranged from my connexions, my associations, my friends, all that I hold dear and valuable, I am about entering on a permanent connexion. I fear for the consequences. Yet I esteem and respect my intended husband, and I hope for great kindness and attention. But, alas! I say sometimes, I cannot now love him with ardour. I am indifferent to my marriage, but not averse to it; I think I shall be happy, but I fear my joy will not be enthusiastic. The man of my choice I am debarred,

from possessing, and I resign myself to my destiny. I am attentively studying the English language; I am acquainted with it, but I wish to speak it with fluency. I shall strive to render my husband happy, and to interest him in my favour, since the Fates will have it that I am to be PRINCESS OF WALES.*

One would suppose that Mr. Wilks wrote in, or rather translated badly from German, for he observes, on this letter,

"Her precise feelings she did not hesitate to conceal from her mother, and the latter was surprised and almost offended."

By "not to conceal" we surmise he means the reverse, viz. that she openly avowed; but the style is throughout exceeding faulty and defective in expressing what the writer desires to be understood.†

The Princess, disposed as above recorded, arrived in England; and Mr. Wilks describes this important era of her life in the following manner:—

"Before three o'clock she alighted at St. James's, and was introduced into the apartments prepared for her reception. On entering the Palace, the Prince of Wales appeared agitated; but on being introduced to, he immediately saluted her. After dining together, at the hour of five, the Prince and Princess were visited by the King, Queen, and Princesses, Duke of Clarence, Duke of Gloucester, Prince William and Princess Sophia, and continued with them for three hours. The King was particularly affable and kind to his intended daughter; but the Queen evinced little pleasure, made but few inquiries, and manifested feelings much opposed in character to those of the King. The Prince of Wales was not only polite and affable to the Princess, but paid her many compliments; expressed his happiness and confidence in the prospect of an union with her, and his surprise at the fluency with which she conversed in English. At eleven o'clock, the Prince of Wales retired, and the Princess was then left under the care of Mrs. Aston.

"Lady Jersey, who had been present during the greatest part of the interview, and who had appeared displeased by the attentions which the Prince of Wales had paid to his destined wife, now also retired, determined to avail herself of the period which would elapse prior to a second interview between the illustrious personages, to represent to the Prince in false and unmerited language, the character of her royal mistress.—To Lady Jersey, the Princess of Brunswick had certainly most incautiously and unwisely stated her attachment to a German Prince; and Lady Jersey stated,

* This letter was written in German, and was addressed to a German lady, residing for a short time in England.—*She is* (as the author sagaciously adds) *now advanced in years.*

† For example, in declaring himself, he says, "Whenever his own sentiments are expressed, they are always the genuine convictions of a mind which scorns to varnish falsehood, or impose upon others what he does not himself believe. He has been solicitous to abstain from all unnecessary censure and angry feeling, from a full persuasion that if the facts now submitted to the judgment of the public, do not themselves produce conviction, no intemperate warmth on the part of the writer can give them effect." This is a sad jumble of language; and has too many parallels in these *Memoirs*.—*Ed.*

that the Princess said 'she was persuaded that she loved one little finger of that individual far better than she should love the whole person of the Prince of Wales.' Her late Majesty denied the accuracy of the statement, but yet admitted that she had imprudently referred to a former attachment. Lady Jersey, on the succeeding day, apprised the Prince of Wales of that attachment, assured him that his intended consort had made the above declaration; found fault with her person and her manners, predicted that the marriage, if consummated, would be unfortunate,—and inveighed against the King for promoting the intended union. Part of this statement was subsequently admitted by Lady Jersey; and what was not so admitted, was stated by her late Majesty, on the highest authority, to have taken place.

"The effects of her efforts were immediate and baneful; on the next day, when the Prince of Wales visited St. James's, he was cool and reserved in his manners, and manifested, if not an aversion to the Princess of Brunswick, at least a considerable alteration in his conduct. Queen Charlotte has been accused of being the individual who effected, or contributed to effect such alteration,—but the statement is erroneous. The malicious and artful Lady Jersey was the principal, if not the sole cause."

Three days after, the marriage ceremony took place; and our author winds up the chapter with these remarks:—

"If Lady Jersey had not, with a perfidy only equalled by her hardihood, stepped forward to prevent the possibility of happiness to the illustrious individuals, although they might not ever have been models of conjugal attachment, yet it is more than probable that at least in peace and harmony the Prince and Princess of Wales would have passed their days. It is indeed admitted that the Princess was not in a state of mind most favourable to marriage; and it will hereafter be developed that the feelings and situation of the Prince were not more adapted to his projected union; but just in the same proportion as they were mutually unprepared and unfitted, was that malice, which studied by treachery and by falsehood to render the happiness consequent on that union, not merely problematical but impossible.

"To that period and to such conduct, then, may be traced the subsequent dissatisfaction and misery which resulted from this marriage, and which tended to involve the parties, the Royal Family, and the nation, in feuds which have not yet subsided; and which have been attended with evils which will ever remain as blots on the page of English History, and as rallying points for party feeling and political spleen.

"Let it however be remembered, that to the imprudence, the unjustifiable ingenuousness and the love of independence of the Princess, may be partially attributed the evils which ensued; since to Lady Jersey, who was to her a stranger, a foreigner, and an inferior, she should not have developed feelings which she ought from every one to have concealed, and thus roused into action the dormant evil passions and principles of that celebrated traitress."

It is extraordinary, that long after the Princess's hatred of Lady Jersey is painted as being inveterate and openly declared, we still find her the depository of her dearest

secrets, the *confidante* to whom she entrusted sentiments most baneful to her happiness.* This is a mystery which we cannot fathom. The early life of the Prince is here intercalated; and we return, in a new chapter, to the old subject. Her Majesty declared,

"That Geo. III. had informed her that the late Duke of Gloucester, in a conversation, positively stated, 'that an arrangement was made with Lord Carlisle, to give up Lady Jersey to the Prince,—that this was agreed to at Rochester when Lady Jersey first set out to meet the Princess of Wales; and, that there was an understanding, that she should be always the object of his affections.' This (says Mr. W.) was the statement of her Majesty. The Duke of Gloucester is dead, and the direct method of ascertaining its accuracy cannot, therefore, be resorted to. But his son survives him, and to him applications have been made. He has stated, 'that the full and perfect conviction on his Royal Highness's mind is, that his father never was party to such a conversation.' But the conviction of his mind only amounts to an opinion, however well founded, and an opinion cannot be opposed to a direct and positive declaration. If that declaration was *untrue*, then the moral weight of all her late Majesty's declarations would be destroyed; but, before her testimony should be wholly rejected, it would be absolutely necessary to prove that she was not worthy of credit. That the conversation did take place ought not, therefore, to be denied, even if it should be questioned." He continues, "The marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales had not occurred many days, when the latter was informed, that Lady Jersey had been on terms of intimacy with the Prince—that she had endeavoured to poison his mind against her, by false and injurious statements,—and 'that Lady J. was the real wife, and the Princess of Wales only the nominal one.' Every day demonstrated to her that such information was correct, and she avowed to the Prince the dislike she entertained to her Ladyship. That avowal he received with considerable displeasure, and professed for the individual the most sincere friendship. But a few words of mutual explanation at that time reconciled the difference.

"At length, the conduct of Lady Jersey became more marked—she did not conceal her aversion for the Princess—she endeavoured as much as possible to obtain the private society of the Prince—and discord and misery appeared fast approaching. The first quarrel which occurred between these illustrious individuals took place one day when, on conversing on the subject, she declared her intention of refusing to dine with Lady Jersey when the Prince was not present; and also at any time to converse with her. The Prince insisted on a different line of conduct. He required her to treat Lady J. "as his friend"—to dine with her at all times—and to converse with her as with the rest of her Ladies. She refused so to act; and

* We are told, "The Princess of Wales, on the other hand, was perhaps nearly equally faulty. She studied not to conceal her resentment and dislike. She paid a marked difference to the King and Queen: the former she caressed as her father, whilst the latter she received with stiffness and Court etiquette. Nor did she stop here; for the conduct of her Majesty she denounced to Lady Jersey, and her denunciations were repeated to the Queen."

in language fervent, and in an animated tone, inveighed against the character of Lady J. and required her dismissal. The Prince on his part refused to accede to the wishes of the Princess, and he left her at Carlton House some time, angry at her refusal and her conduct."

The story of the Brighton letters is told at length; and the Douglas charges, and other public transactions, which we need not repeat, now occupy every page, and no new light is thrown upon them. All these matters we pass, and indeed have nearly come to the close of our review. The rejection of the Orange match is thus mentioned:—

"The Princess of Wales was particularly averse to the marriage of her daughter with the Prince of Orange, because she thought the Princess Charlotte would be obliged to reside abroad; and her daughter's dislike strengthened her objection to their union.

"The dislike arose chiefly, it is believed, in consequence of the Prince of Orange having, in conversation with the Princess Charlotte, intimated to her that when she became Princess of Orange, though she would be allowed to visit her Royal mother, her mother should never enter the House of Orange. 'Then,' said the Princess Charlotte, rising indignantly from her chair, 'never will the Princess Charlotte of Wales be the wife of the Prince of Orange;' and the proposed union was consequently broken off."

The Queen's travels abroad, her return to England, and all the results, are too recent to furnish eligible extracts; and we have only to advance to Mr. Wilks's recital of the final catastrophe. He has particularized all the proceedings relative to the coronation claim, and continues—

"Thus baffled and defeated, it was hoped by her friends that she would here rest, and that she would not carry her threats into execution. If her object was solely personal, she had done every thing which was necessary and proper. She had submitted her case to a tribunal—she had acknowledged its competency—she had there, by Counsel, been heard in support of her claim—and it was disallowed. Being so disallowed, a protest was perhaps unnecessary, but at any rate a protest was all that could possibly be required; and her personal attendance at the Cathedral on the day of Coronation, was censured by all parties throughout the nation. If, as she stated, she only resorted to those measures, that posterity might not accuse her of having willingly sacrificed the rights of Queen Consorts, then by the appeal she had made to the King—to the Counsel—to the nation—and finally by the foregoing protest, she had done every thing that was necessary to give form and substance to her objections, and to rescue her character from the possibility of having the charges brought against her, which she apprehended.

"But the Queen determined on personally attending at Westminster Abbey to claim admission. Some of her friends dissuaded her from the proceeding, but heedless of their advice, she resolved not to relinquish her project. For her character—her feelings—her comfort, and indeed her life—it

would have been well if their advice she had followed, since it cannot be doubted but that it ultimately occasioned her death.

"The morning of the 19th at length arrived. The preparations for the Coronation of the King were completed. Multitudes attended to witness it, and the pageant was splendid and attractive; but it was only a pageant, and the enormous sums which were expended in its production, rendered the measure generally obnoxious. Yet it would be improper not to admit that by multitudes it was viewed with delight, and that the higher classes of society were much interested by the spectacle."

"The treatment her Majesty received on the morning of this day, was to her a most severe trial, but yet she studied to conceal her feelings. When she returned from the Abbey, she sent for some friends to visit her, and she appeared to be in excellent spirits; she related to them the refusals she had met with, and said, 'the people did all they could.' Mr. Brougham called upon her whilst she was breakfasting, and she amused her party by relating anecdotes. She said, 'she had put on her jewels to demonstrate to the people that she had not sold them;' and when she was complimented for her courage in facing so many dangers, she replied, 'I never was afraid of any thing in my life: I do not know what fear is; I do not wish to die, but when the moment comes I shall not fear it.'

"Yet though she thus feigned to be the gayest of the party during the greater part of the morning, it was evident to her intimate friends, that the transactions of that day had tended more completely to subdue her natural heroism and magnanimity, than any other occurrences which had hitherto taken place; and that the smile of satisfaction was only adopted as a veil to hide from observation her real mortification and unhappiness. She felt that she was only nominally a Queen, and that after all the efforts which had been made by herself and others, to effect her recognition in that capacity, and the preservation of her rights, all their efforts had proved abortive, and she was nearly as much degraded as if the Bill of Pains and Penalties had passed both Houses of the Legislature.

"On the 30th of July, her Majesty attended at Drury Lane Theatre. Whilst there, she was much indisposed; but could not be persuaded to retire, till the performance was over. Her mind had not recovered from the extreme disappointment and vexation which she had so lately sustained; and although on the following day she was somewhat better, she was too agitated completely to recover."

The consequences are known:—her death, her funeral, and all other connected events, are circumstantially detailed by the author, interspersed with his own opinions, which are strongly Whiggish, and animadversions which are at least as free and ex-cathedral as they are judicious and modest.

An Appendix of the documents for the Queen's defence, which arrived after her trial had terminated, is a valuable addition to the work, which may be recommended on the whole as an ill-written but full collection of the facts of the late Queen's life.

BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

During the Sixth Century.

THIS century opened with the singular spectacle of an illiterate Goth promoting the interests of literature; which was done by the conqueror of Italy, Theodoric the Ostrogoth, who tolerated all religions, and observed in almost all his acts a liberal policy, though he was so utterly uneducated as to be unable to sign his own name, and had the Greek letters *Theod* (contracted for it) cut in a plate of gold, and laid on the paper to be traced for his signature. His chief adviser was the learned Cassiodorus; who, when he retired from public life, founded a convent, and formed, by transcriptions, as well as collected, a choice and valuable library. At this period also flourished Alcimus Ecdicius Avitus, a nobleman of Gaul, Archbishop of Vienna, and author of several sacred poems; and Philoxenus, bishop of Hierapolis, now Pambouk, in Syria, to whom we owe Polycarp's Syriac version of the New Testament, called from him, the *Philoxenian*. This version has been frequently revised and republished. The Old Testament was translated from the Greek into Syriac about the same time by Mar Abba, primate of the East, but originally a Persian worshipper of Zoroaster. At the end of this century the Scriptures were also translated into the Georgian language, which version was still in use two hundred years ago, though the language had become nearly obsolete to the people of Mingrelia. This defect has since been remedied by new translations.

The councils of Agle and Vaison in France, and of Toledo in Spain, were held during this age; and promulgated some canons, but of no paramount importance.

Of the schools or seminaries, no one existed more famous for the study of the holy Scriptures than Iona or Icolmkill in the Hebrides, founded by Columba, who was born at Gartán in Tyrconnell, Ireland, A.D. 521. About the year 550, he founded the great monastery of Dair-Magh, now Durrough, in King's County; and afterwards went as a missionary to the Highlands, landed from his hide and wicker boat at Iona, and most successfully propagated the Gospel among the Picts and Scots. His followers were called *Culdees* or *Keldges*, the etymology of which is very doubtful, but which is supposed to imply servants or worshippers of God. Columba himself was not only eminent as a religious man, but distinguished for his knowledge of physic, and general science and literature. He died at the foot of the altar, anno 597, in the 77th year of his age, and was unquestionably one of the greatest and best men of his era. Baithen, his cousin and successor as Abbot of Iona, was also celebrated for his learning; and his monastery continued to be famous as a seat of instruction till the ninth century, when the Danes dislodged the monks. It is lamentable to think that most of the inestimable MSS. preserved there, were probably destroyed at the Reformation; though others are supposed to have been carried to the Scotch College, at Douay. The ruins

are still very fine, and many a Scottish monarch sleeps below.

Arator, the Latin poet, flourished in the sixth century, and about 540 wrote a metrical version of the Acts of the Apostles, which has been often printed. Pope Gregory the Great furnished a rare instance of a pontiff encouraging an acquaintance with the Scriptures; he was the first who designated himself "*Servant of the servants of Jesus Christ*," and sent Augustin to our island to convert the Anglo-Saxons, of whose proceedings an account was rendered in one of our recent Numbers, when describing the monuments in Westminster Abbey.

Nothing further occurs to state respecting this century, except to notice the excessive dearness of parchment or other material for writing upon. This led to the use of preceding MSS. and the erasure of their contents, so fatal to ancient literature; and to the custom of abbreviations, which often render the sense inexplicable. The following is a curious specimen. *Sic hic e fulm qd ad simplr a e pducibile a Deo g a e. et silr hic a n e g a n e pducibile a Deo*—intended to stand for, *Sicut hic est fallacia secundum quid ad simpliciter. A est producibile a Deo, ergo A est, et similiter hic: A non est, ergo A non est producibile a Deo.*

Original Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.—No. XXVIII.

Egyptian Antiquities.

FRENCH travellers have bitterly inveighed against Lord Elgin, for having carried away the Metopes from the Parthenon of Athens, and thereby mutilated one of the noblest monuments of Grecian art. A French Lord Elgin has, however, made his appearance in Egypt, a country which affords abundant scope for the indulgence of a taste for antiquities. This mutilator of monuments is a M. Saulnier, the son of the Secretary-general of the Police under Buonaparté. This young man, who in the school of Savary had a fair prospect of making a fortune in the redoubtable career of the imperial police, suddenly found his hopes annihilated along with the administration of his patron. M. Saulnier had been informed that the Zodiac of Tentyra was a great curiosity; he had heard men of learning descant on its antiquity, and these circumstances probably suggested to him the idea of possessing himself of that valuable monument, in order to sell it in Europe. Those journals which affect most patriotism, and whose editors have the greatest share of national vanity, congratulate France on the possession of this curious astronomical monument of the ancient Egyptians; and they are highly gratified to reflect that it has not been transferred to England. But all true lovers of antiquity regret that a Frenchman should have conceived the unfortunate idea of mutilating the temple of Tentyra, for the sake of carrying away a fragment of the Zodiac; I say a fragment, for M. Saulnier has, in fact, obtained but a very small portion of the

Zodiac.* It is not merely the figures that interest the learned world, but also the temple in which they were executed, and the way in which the Zodiac was situated in the temple. A memoir has been recently presented to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Paravey, in which the author endeavours to prove that the Zodiac, the hall, and the entire of the temple of Tentyra, or Dendera, were all situated with the greatest astronomical correctness, and that the axis of the hall in which the planisphere was placed determined the point of the solstice. On comparing the Zodiac of Tentyra with other zodiacal spheres of Egypt, India, and China, M. Paravey concludes that all those nations possessed the same system of astronomy.† At all events that it appears the Egyptian zodiacs cannot be traced back to a more remote period than the reign of Tiberius. The Academy of Sciences does not approve of all the conclusions of M. Paravey, and is of opinion that the various discussions which have arisen relative to the signification of the zodiacal figures of the Egyptians cannot, in the smallest degree, contribute to the improvement of our tables or astronomical systems. These zodiacs are nevertheless curious, as they regard the history of nations and art, and it is mortifying to reflect, that a Frenchman and a member of the police, who of course knows the value of good order, should have degraded himself by a mercenary speculation in monuments, which even the Turks and Arabs had respected. The French government had recently an opportunity of procuring an important collection of Egyptian antiquities; and considering the vast sums which have been expended on the publication of the great work of the Egyptian commission, it might have been expected that the government would gladly have devoted a portion of the Museum to the ancient sculpture of that country (M. Drouetti's.) When the subject was mentioned to the Minister of the Interior, he replied, that with respect to Egyptian antiquities, a fragment of the size of one's hand was as good as a whole museum. I suspect that some antiquarian, prepossessed in favour of the Greeks or Romans, has suggested this strange idea to the minister, who probably has not himself entered very profoundly on the study of ancient Egypt. M. Drouetti accordingly presented his beautiful collection to his native country, Piedmont, the government of which has, in return, granted him a handsome pension.

There has been lately circulated in Paris a letter from M. Drouetti, in which he defends himself against the imputations on his conduct, inserted in the narrative of M. Belzoni's travels. M. Drouetti states, that while he was in Egypt he constantly endeavoured to serve M. Belzoni; that he

never cherished any hostility towards that traveller; and that, with considerable pain, he now finds himself traduced, and represented as an intriguer and a jealous enemy, while on the contrary he uniformly endeavoured to promote the interest of the arts, and of those who cultivate them.

The French government has now, however, another opportunity of making an acquisition of Egyptian antiquities. M. Thédanot Duvent, French Vice-Consul at Damietta, has brought his collection to Paris, and he offers it to the public. It is to be hoped that he will be more successful than M. Drouetti in treating with the minister, and that the recent nomination of the latter to his old post of consul-general of Egypt, will restore the influence of the French in that country, and be attended with results advantageous to the arts, trade, and manufactures of France. At all events it is to be hoped that we shall no longer hear of those disgraceful scenes of which M. Belzoni complains, and which may very naturally lead the Turks to regard the Europeans as the real barbarians.

[The following, as it relates to the subject treated of in our Correspondent's letter, may appropriately follow it; with this proviso, that our view of the matter is not in unison with the Parisian colouring.]

MR. JOMARD has received a letter, dated May 5th, from M. Caillaud, written at Assour, a village a day's journey from Chendy, in Nubia, in the kingdom of Senaar, in which this traveller informs him of his latest discoveries. At a small distance to the south of the confluence of the Albara,* the ancient Astaboras, and four days journey from Barbas, he discovered the ruins of a great city with a temple; also forty pyramids still standing, and forty others in ruins; the largest measure about sixty-two feet at the base and seventy-seven in height. On one of the sides is a small temple, adorned within and without with hieroglyphic characters. Two of these temples are vaulted, and the vaults, which are decorated with hieroglyphics, are constructed like ours with key-stones and stones placed wedgewise (*voussoirs*.) The traveller has ascertained that they are of the same age as the pyramids. All the materials are sandstone like the rock in which the buildings are erected. Ismael Pasha, who commands the expedition to Abyssinia, and who shows much kindness towards M. Caillaud, has permitted him to open one of the pyramids, in which some Greek letters were found.

The site of the temple and of the ruined city is half a league from the Nile, and most of the pyramids are a league farther off, as at Memphis. Bruce passed only two leagues to the east, without suspecting their existence. Before the temple was an avenue of sphinxes, in the form of rams, its length is 262 feet, the wall that incloses it is 420 feet. The Isle of Curgos, mentioned by Bruce, is to the south of Assour;

* On the 27th Nov. this piece of antiquity was released from Quarantine and sent off for Paris.

† This opinion is no novelty. It was maintained by Sir William Jones, of whose Discourses to the Asiatic Society an elegant and popular little edition has just been published; a book which we cannot too much recommend. Ed.

* The antiquities of Mount Barkal, near a place called Merawe, are seventy leagues below and very far from the confluence of the Albara, which forms the Isle of Meroe.

there are no monuments there. M. Jomard is persuaded that the Greek ruins near Assour are those of Meroe; the latitude about $16^{\circ} 50'$ agrees with that which results from the testimonies of Strabo and Eratosthenes.

The positions which Bruce has laid down on his map are pretty correct, but the line of ruin is placed too far to the south. M. Caillaud intended to pass the rainy season at Sennaar with the army, to sojourn in Fazuelo, and then to proceed to the *Bahr-el-Abiad*, or *White River*, which he will ascend to a certain distance, to obtain information respecting the course of the Niger. He enjoys excellent health, as well as his fellow traveller, M. Letorze, notwithstanding the excessive heat which they have endured. The centigrade thermometer rose constantly during the month of April to 45° and even to 48° , (43° of Reaumur's thermometer, of course exposed to the sun.) M. Caillaud has not found on the spot any tradition of Queen Candace, whose dynasty, according to Bruce, is still on the throne of Chendy. The traveller has long ceased taking meridian altitudes of the sun, which is too near the zenith, and can only determine the latitudes by means of the moon and stars.

Literature and Learned Societies.

UNKNOWN POETS: UNIQUE POEMS.

To the curious in old books, to the interested in literature, and, we flatter ourselves, to the public generally, the following will prove an acceptable, as it is doubtless a remarkable paper. We have it in our power to lay before them a notice of two English Poets, whose very names have hitherto escaped record, and specimens of their productions (not mean ones either in point of talent) of which no traces are to be found in any of the most celebrated collections. In short, we have the pleasure of adding two entirely new bards to the catalogue of British worthies, and exhibiting examples of very singular poems which belong to a brilliant era, are not unworthy of it, and yet have slept in the dust of utter oblivion for two long centuries.

The Poets, whose memories we have thus the satisfaction of reviving, are PETER WOODHOUSE and THOMAS ANDREWE. Their several works are entitled "*The Flea*," and "*The Unmasking of a feminine Muchiuel*." Of these we now proceed to give separate descriptions.

The first is a very small quarto of 36 leaves. The title page is inscribed "THE FLEA," with the epigraph, "*Sic parva componere magnis*." "London Printed for John Smethwicke and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstons Churchyard in Fleet-Street, vnder the Diall 1605." The frontispiece is a rude and whimsical design of a bull sitting in a chair of justice, and a weasel on his right; a mouse, a dog with a flea on his ear, three elephants thrusting their heads in on the opposite side, and a tree in the middle, with a shepherd stuck

up among the branches. Such is the sign of entertainment, and, as we proceed farther, we are not disappointed in receiving it. The literary portion opens with "The Epistle Dedicatorie. To the giddie Multitude." It is a clever satire.

"Cvstome (that imperious King, or rather cruell Tyrant) hath so farre preuayled in these our dayes, that every Pamphlet must haue his Patron, or els all the fatte is in the fire: Now I not knowing anye one whose name I might be so bolde with, as to make a shelter for this substance-waiting shadow, dedicate it to you al, so shal I be sure to offend none. And as he that speaketh in the defence of womē, hauing a flock of femals for his Anditors (how-soeuer his cause be) is sure to want no wordes on his side: So let him that shall speake against this Toy, looke for more fists then his owne about his eares, & take heed of Club lawe, since the brainlesse multitude hath vouchsafed to take it into their protection. Now therefore, thou many-headed beast, censure me at thy pleasure; like or dislike what thou listeth; but haue an especial care of this, that thou beest not ouer constant in thine opinions: But what euen now thou praysest to the heauens, by and by dispraise againe, as the vilest stuffe thou euer heardest of. Extoll that with admiration, which but a little before thou didst rayle at, as most carterly: And when thou sittest to consult about any weighty matter, let either iustice *Shallowe*, or his Cousen Mr. *VVethercocke* be foreman of the Iurie. Thus relying on thy Moon-like constancie, I will shrowde this shadowe vnder thy alwaies-vntedfast fauour. P. VV."

The "Epistle to the Reader," which follows this odd dedication, is in the same vein. He is told, "If thou like it, thou hast wherfore to thanke me, for procuring thy delight; if thou dislike it, lay it out of thy hands, for it were great follie wilfully to procure thine owne discontent. If thou doost reap any profit by it, the more is thy discretion; if none at all, the worsse is thy fortune."

Still, however, there is another outwork before we come to the main poem: it is in the shape of the common compliments of that age, and written "In laudem Authoris." The versification is very smooth:

Homer (the glory of the learned *Greekes*)
To wright of *Frogges & Mice* did think no
scorne.

Th' admired Roman *Maro* also seekes
With his sweet songes the little *Gnat* t'
adorne. [cheekes
Great *Orpheus* Harpe layd by, they'll fill their
As other *Shepherds* done with pypes of
Corne:

Yet can at will lay by their *Oaten* reedes
And sing of battailes and of knightly
deedes.

This piece is signed R. P. Gent, and the writer concludes by lauding his friend's *Flea* on the prototypes of the ancient animal and insect celebrations.

The running title of the poem is "*Democritus his Dreame*," and the amplification, "*Or The Contention betwene the Elephant and the Flea*." It opens with a dialogue between the laughing and the weeping philosophers of Abdera and Ephesus. It is very characteristic:

Democritus (methought) chancing to meete
Weeping *Heraclitus*, thus did him greet.
What madnes doth possesse thy better parte,
That wilfully thou eat'st up thine owne harte?
Call backe thy thoughts, and viewe this wide
worldeas stage,

Behold (with me) the follies of each age.
Marke for what trifling toyes, young ment-
doe sell [them well:
Their wealth and strength, *Heraclitus* marke
And see againe when th' one foot's in the
grane: [crane.
The lesse men need, how still the more they
This markt, with laughter sure thy aides will
burst—

The Ephesian, however, takes a different view of things, and replies to the greater Sage,

Not so (quoth he) I knowe I am a man,
Neeedes must I greiue to see mens follies.
That man is voyde of all humanitie, [than.
Who is not toucht with others miserie.
Can one be such as you your selfe professe,
And see the shape of man proue reasonlesse?
Can he see this, and yet his eyes be drye?
He is no true Philosopher think I.
Reason's the forme of man, he who wants this,
May well be like a man but no man is.
Marke this with me; and then I make no dout,
Thou'lt laugh no more, but weep thine eye-
balles out.

Democritus rejoins, but the result is, that his opponent consents to hear his dream in order to laugh at that if possible, since every thing in real life produces an opposite inclination. *Democritus* accordingly tells the tale of the dispute between the Elephant and Flea, as to which is the noblest animal. A herd of elephants' issue from a forest, ford a river very guardedly, and one of them boasts loudly of his power and consequence among the brute creation.

But all this talke a little Flea did heare,
Which ate close feeding vnderneath the eare
Of a poore *Shepherdes* Curre, the which for
feare,
Was crept into a bush and hid him there.
The Swaine himselfe (when he these beasts
did see)
Did (for his safety) climbe into a tree.
But the bolde Flea (not any whit aghast)
To his proud speech, this answer made at last.

Is there no beast who can with thee compare?
Yes very many, who both can and dare,
Even I my selfe (though of a thousand least)
Doe estimate my selfe a nobler beast
Then thou, or any of thy lumpish race:
And feare not so to tell thee to thy face.

The description of the great animal's notice of this desperate challenge from such an opponent, is truly humorous:

The Elephant hearing a litle noyes,
Said thus: my friends fro whence proceede
this voyce?
Towards the bush he casts his scornfull eyes,
Where the poore Curre halfe dead for feare
he spyes.

The terror of the dog is excellent, as well as the Philosophers' argument upon it. We can only exhibit the former:

----- Out of the bush he cralles,
Before the Lordly beast he prostrate fallcs,

He humbly licks his feet, and then him
prays

To weigh with favour his distressed case.
Most mightie Lord (quoth he) I hope you see,
That gainst my will this villaine dwells with
me:

Butwixt my teeth I soone would crush the
If I could finde the meanes the dwarfe to
catch.

But good my Lord—No more of this (quoth
(Leaning his mightie limbs against a tree)
I pardon thee: but where is that bold squire
Who durst compare with me? I much desire
To see that Caytiffe, that presuming elfe:
Heere am I (quoth the Flea) and shew'd him
selfe.

Heere am I (quoth the Flea) ready to prove
What erst I said, and downe he throws his
gloue:

Then trye the quarell, when and how you
Thou hear'st I dare my selfe with thee com-
pare.

After some further colloquy, a reference
to umpires is agreed on, and *daysmen** are
appointed by the parties. The Elephant
names the bull, and the Flea the mouse;
but the Elephant objects to the latter as his
enemy for a curious reason, viz. "For that
she will run up his trunk and throgth it
into his head sometime"! The Flea ac-
cordingly taunts his adversary, but nomi-
nates as "arbitrator for the fleas," the
"Wesell."

Who (arm'd with Rue) adventrously dares
fight

With the foule Basiliske, which kills with
sight;

The Elephant first addresses the Days-
men; portions of his speech are subjoined.

-- I shall make it very plaine appeare,
This little Skipack beast, his worth is small.
Why grace I him so much? no beast at all.

Look to our statures, see what oddes there is,
Such difference is there 'twixt my worth and
His person's little, little is his worth: [his.
What aice praise-worthy can such dwarfs
bring forth.

Beholde (my Lords) this castle-bearing backe,
And thinke what strength is in this dwarfish
lack.

He boasts of Elephants being the allies of
kings in war, and of one drawing out the
arrows from his rider's wounds, and re-
placing him with his trunk upon his back;
of defeating Semiramis, &c.

Let my foe shewe when he wan such a field
And I the victory to him will yield.
He turnes his feeble might against his friend,
And suckes their blood who do him harbour
lend.

He next dilates on his own temperance
in living on the produce of the earth.

I feed not (as the Flea) on others blood,
But the greene grasse contents me for my
food,
My drinke is such as the cleere Fountaines
And thus doe I (not harming others) live.

His religion, justice, literature (or know-
ledge of letters), are insisted on, and even
in death he brags of his utility:

When I dye,
I leaue my teeth, which men call Ivorie.

* Dr. Johnson is mistaken in differing from
Ainsworth on this word: Daysman does mean
umpire, and not surety.—Ed.

Alive or dead the Flea doth nothing else
But troubleth every one whereas he dwells.
If this be true; as I in nothing li'de,
Why pause you to give sentence on my side?

Heraclitus seems to think that the
speaker has made out a case too strong for
the Flea to impugn; but Democritus goes
on to relate that subtle logician's reply,
which is replete with eloquence, sophistry,
and drollery. Much of the whim lies in
the applicability of the reasoning to human
affairs, and as we can only find room for
partial examples, we may be allowed to say,
that the whole is little inferior to the best
of Gay's Fables. The exordium is neat:

Grave arbitrators, now yourselves haue tride
This beastes proud arrogance and daring
pride,

But heare me pleade (with patience) for the
Then may you give your censure as you please.
Th' one part vnheard, who lets his verdict
passe,

Though he iudge right, no vpriight iudge he

He then proceeds to answer the argument
on the other side with great skill, as the
following instances will prove:

-- But he triumphes in his vnweildye masse,
Let this goe current, it will come to passe
That you (my Lords) and all beastes else sane
Yea euen Lyons selfe despis'd shall be. [he
He would ore crowe me, for I am so small,
Let this be suffred, hee'l out-brane you all.

Vertue consists not in the quantitie,
But rather is an inward qualitie.
We more esteeme the little Rhemora
Then the huge Whale; this little fish can stay
A Ship that's vnder sayle, in her swift course;
In a rough storme, gainst winde and waters
force.

Who makes a dont but little Philomel,
The yron-stomackt Estridge doth excell?
And though faire Ladyes much esteeme her
coate,

Shee more delights them with her sugred
The Cedar then the Vine is much more tall,
And yet the Vine is more esteemed of all.

What wants in stature (oftentimes we finde)
Nature repays it double in the minde.
But with his mightye strength he doth me
presse,

Gainst which I set mine actiue nimblenesse.
If that he fall, he cannot rise againe,
But like a logge he lies upon the plaine.

By this meanes he is made the hunters praye.

Let this great warriour, I pray you shewe
For what iust cause these warres he did pur-
sue?

What, is he mnte? then I the cause will tell,
For that his Lord to fight did him compell.
He saith that man his help doth oft times
crane,

It's false, he doth commaund him as his slaue.

Mr. Flea also boasts of possessing greater
fortitude, and courageously avers,

When man with pressing mayle seekes me to
kill,

My guts about my heeles, I march on still.
And though in this great broyle I was neere
staine,

The danger past, I boldly bite againe. [this
Was thy Syre's valour (thinkest thou) like to
When as thou fought gainst proud Semiramis?

I dare adventure to each dangerous place
And heard the boldest Ruffen to his face:

What dare I not?

He brags that he is entertained of Kings,
And so am I, but yet for diuers thinges.
He as a drudge or as a sturdie slaue,
My company at bed and boord they'l haue.
The fayrest Ladyes that doe lue in Court,
Will sometime entertaine me in such sorte;
As he would hang himselfe to finde the grace,
But once to harbour in so sweet a place.

O, this is such a sweet felicitie,
That men enuying my prosperitie
Haue wisht to be transformed into Fleas,*
That so they better might their fancie please.
By this desire of theirs is plainly showne,
They thought my state was better then their
owne:

And therefore men (for all thy haughty
Neuer desire to become Elephants!!!

This *argumentum ad elephantum* is fol-
lowed by much of the same ludicrous kind;
and the apology for blood-sucking is equally
good.

Man, who denoures both birds, and beasts,
and fish,

Will spare his blood for me to be my dish.
Thus I reuenge the blood of beasts are slaine
To feed his pannich; and shed his blood againe.

His learning is also superior, for he is
skilful in astronomy, and bites sore to fore-
tell rain, as every ploughman knows.

The Elephant replies, and the Flea re-
joins. But we have quoted enough to show
how curious a work this is; so much, that
we must postpone our notice of its compa-
nion till next week. The apologue ends
without any decision between the dispu-
tants, but with a moral application, or
lament by Heraclitus: it is a jocular-pathe-
tic conclusion.

No, no, fond man, these wordes he weeping
spake,

This same name (*man*) make me all mirth
For what is man? nought else but misery:
No sooner borne, but he begins to dye.

He's weeping borne; which proues he's borne
to weep,

And all his life or spent in woe, or sleep.
Nay this his misery doth proue most plaine,
That not one man would become young
againe.

On this condition to repeat o're, [before.
Both th' woes and pleasures which he had
O no, there is no man so fond, but knowes
That for one pleasure, he had twenty woes—
Here teeres did drowne his speech (which
fast did fall)

Thinking to comfort him, I wak't with all.

Conclusion.

A shadowe of a shadowe thus you see,
Alas what substance in it then can be?
If any thing herein amisse doe seeme:
Consider 'twas a dreame, dreamt of a dreame.

On the last page are twelve lines in other
measure, on the poem subscribed by the
author: but for further information respect-
ing this and many other remarkable publi-
cations, we must refer to Longman and
Company's Catalogue of Old Books for
1822, which has this day issued from the
press. We have only to add, that the little
tomes on which this notice is written, are
marked at nine guineas each.

* Ouid,

OXFORD, 1st Dec.—On Saturday last, the following Degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors of Arts.—E. M. Griffith, J. Galoway, Exeter Coll.; T. L. Bloxam, Scholar of Lincoln Coll.; J. Cooke, Magdalen Hall; J. Ed. Gray, J. Eveleigh, Oriel Coll.; C. J. Glyn, J. E. Leslie, Christ Church; A. Crawford, T. B. Coney, E. Gardiner, T. Bissland, Balliol Coll.; C. I. Ford, J. Daniel, Worcester Coll.; J. E. W. Pantom, J. Grassett, University Coll.; J. J. Ellis, B. H. Banner, Fellows of St. John's Coll.

Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Law, Exeter Coll.; F. Hole, Queen's Coll.; W. King, W. Heathcote, Oriel; H. J. Lewis, Worcester Coll.

8th Dec.—Return of the number of persons, inhabitants of the Colleges and Halls in this University, on the 28th of May last:—Males, 1316—Females, 141.—Total, 1457.

On Tuesday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. C. W. St. John Mildmay, Fellow of Merton Coll.; Rev. T. Williams, Christ Church; Rev. R. Downes, Worcester Coll.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. A. Park, Balliol Coll. grand compounder; T. Lawrence, J. Pyke, Exeter Coll.; Z. J. Edwards, Scholar of Wadham Coll.; T. H. Walker, Oriel; R. Harrington, Christ Church; G. Hawkins, R. H. M. Pryce, C. C. Coll.; G. Grimstead, Magdalen Coll.; G. Newton, Trinity Coll.; W. Hutchinson, J. Lodge, Brasenose Coll.; Cicero Rabbits, Worcester Coll.

Arts and Sciences.

BAROMETER.—A very remarkable fall of the barometer took place on Christmas Eve. We have heard from many quarters that these instruments fell below all indices on the scale: in those of a circular form the mercury went entirely round, and in general the glass was rendered completely useless. After some time, the metal returned to its common state and course. This is a singular phenomenon, but we believe it has been observed lower.

Original Poetry.

THINGS TO COME.

THERE are murmurs on the deep,
There are thunders on the heaven,
Tho' the ocean billows sleep,
Tho' no cloud the sign has given.
Earth that sudden storm shall feel,
'Tis a storm of man and steel.

Tribes are in their forests now,
Idly hunting ounce and deer;
Tribes are crouching in their snow
O'er their wild and wintry cheer,
Doom'd to swell that tempest's roar,
Where the torrent-rain is gore.

War of old has swept the world,
Guilt has shaken strength and pride;
But the thunders, feebly hurl'd,
Quiver'd o'er the spot, and died;
When the vengeance next shall fall,
Wee to each, and wee to all.

Man has shed Man's blood for toys,
Love and hatred, fame and gold;
Now, a mightier wrath destroys;
Earth in careless crime grows old;
Past destruction shall be tame
To the rushing of that flame.

When the clouds of Vengeance break,
Folly shall be on the wise,
Frenzy shall be on the weak,
Nation against nation rise.
And the worse than Pagan sword
In Religion's breast be gored.

Then the Martyrs' solemn cry,
That a thousand years has rung,
Where their robes of crimson lie
Round the "Golden Altar" flung,
Shall be heard—and from the "throne"
The trumpet of the "Judgment" blown.

"Wee to Earth, the mighty wee,"
Yet shall Earth her conscience lull,
Till above the brim shall flow
The draught of gall—the cup is full.
Yet a moment!—Comes the ire,—
Famine, bloodshed, flood and fire.

First shall fall a Mighty One,
Ancient crime had crown'd his brow,
Dark Ambition raised his throne—
Truth his victim and his foe.
Earth shall joy in all her fear
O'er the great Idolater.

Then shall rush abroad the blaze
Sweeping Heathen zone by zone;
Africa's tribes the spear shall raise,
Shivering India's pagod throne:
China hear her Idol's knell
In the Russian's cannon-peal.

On the Turk shall fall the blow
From the Grecian's dagger'd hand,
Blood like winter-showers shall flow,
Till he treads the Syrian land!
Then shall final vengeance shine,
And all be seal'd in Palestine!—TRISSINO

IRREGULAR ODE

TO MY PORTRAIT PAINTER.

By the Modern Antinous!!!

'Tis well! proceed! thy glorious course pursue,

Much has been done, but more remains to do;
My beauty dwains, 'tis thine to bid it blaze,
Cast from my forehead constellated rays,
Give to the backward neck a swell more sinuous,

Drive from that cheek the vulgar red,
And let my godlike curvature of head
O'ertop Bithynia's pride, renown'd Antinous.

As to that youth (when o'er his sedgy brim
Uprising, Nilus wrapt each faultless limb,
And in his sandy tide
Engulf'd Idalia's pride)

Imperial Adrian bade a temple rise,
And placed his favourite in eternal skies,
To glad Jove's azure vault with one star more;
So, o'er my head a flood of radiance pour:
Tho' on that head

Unpitying Time has forty summers shed,
Whose touch, like that of Forty Thieves,
My forehead of each lock bereaves,
Heed not that hind'rance, youth renew,
Imagine what thou dost not view;

Bid the foretop shoot the brisker,
Add the beard and add the whisker,
Bid mustachios grace the Greek,
Give the chin-tuft in a peak,

Shew the muscles on the rib,
Worthy Gully, worthy Crib—
Enough! high-favour'd Artist, stop!
Now let thy toils the best Engraver prop,
And place Heaven's favourite in Colnaghi's shop.

Scar'd at my form divine,
Each startled print
Soon takes the hint,
Whether in mezzotint or line.
"A present deity!" appall'd they cry,
Toward Charing-cross the echoes fly,
Divert the few and terrify the many;
While statued Charles, round turning, views
With solemn glance the Mews,
Like him whose grave no scared the graceless Don Giovanni.

And well they may,
For who, save me, could in one form display
The Fourteenth Louis in majestic away,
A tender touch of Elphi Bey,
The new-made Marquis and the conquering Swede?

To me, then, be fresh wreaths decreed,
Who did what ne'er was done before,
Brought Adrian's favourite from Bithynia's shore,
And gave to Albion one Antinous more! *

Poetry from the Pirate.

The two annexed pieces were printed for our poetical appendix to the Review of The Pirate in our last, but want of room obliged us to postpone their insertion. The first is *Norina's* invocation on unsheeting her dead Ancestor in St. Ringan's church: the second, *Cleveland's* Serenade to Minna.

"Champion, famed for warlike toil,
Art thou silent, Ribolt Troil?
Sand, and dust, and pebbly stones,
Are leaving bare thy giant bones.
Who dared touch the wild bear's skin
Ye slumber'd on, while life was in?
A woman now, or babe, may come
And east the covering from thy tomb.

"Yet be not wrathful, Chief, nor blight
Mine eyes or ears with sound or sight!
I come not, with unhallow'd tread,
To wake the slumbers of the dead,
Or lay thy giant reliques bare;
But what I seek thou well can'st spare.
Be it to my hand allow'd
To shear a merk's weight from thy shroud;
Yet leave thee sheeted lead enough
To shield thy bones from weather rough.

"See, I draw my magic knife—
Never while thou wert in life
Laid'st thou still for sloth or fear,
When point and edge were glittering near;
See, the carments now I sever—
Waken now, or sleep for ever!
Thou wilt not wake—the deed is done,—
The prize I sought is fairly won.

"Thanks, Ribolt, thanks,—for this the sea
Shall smooth its ruffled crest for thee,—
And while afar its billows foam,
Subside to peace near Ribolt's tomb.
Thanks, Ribolt, thanks,—for this the night
Of wild winds raging at their height,
When to thy place of slumber nigh,
Shall soften to a lullaby.

* We are darkling on the subject of this ode. At Delphos they hinted to us to look at a print just published of a noble Lord; the result, perhaps, of these instructions. Ed.

"She, the dame of doubt and dread,
Norma of the Fitful-head,
Mighty in her own despite—
Miserable in her might;
In despair and frenzy great,—
In her greatness desolate;
Wise, wickedest who lives,
Well can keep the word she gives."

"Farewell! Farewell! the voice you hear,
Has left its last soft tone with you,—
Its next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew."

"The accents which I scarce could form
Beneath your frown's controuling check,
Must give the word, above the storm,
To cut the mast, and clear the wreck."

"The timid eye I dared not raise,—
The hand, that shook when press'd to thine,
Must point the guns upon the chase,
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine."

"To all I love, or hope, or fear,—
Honour, or own, a long adieu!
To all that life has soft and dear,
Farewell! save memory of you!"

The Drama.

DAURY LAWE.

INSTEAD of the usual Pantomime, at this house has been produced a piece in three acts called *Giovanni in Ireland*. It partakes of opera, burlesque, and spectacle; and its success was probably predicated on these grounds, that as *Giovanni* in London was attractive, so must the *Don* in Dublin; as the *Coronation* filled the theatre for many weeks, so must the installation of the *Knights of Saint Patrick*; and as *Madame Vestris* delighted the amateurs in the Spanish costume, she must evermore continue to fascinate in that dress. Some part of this calculation however seems to have been a reckoning without host, for certainly on the first night (last Saturday) the *Extravaganza* was far from being crowned with general approbation. Yet it began with great humour, and three fourths of the first act were laughable and full of promise. *Vestris* in the gay libertine; *Fitzwilliam* (who has deservedly been called to one of the regular Theatres from the Surrey) in a part of low humour, *Padreen Gar*, an Irish lad; *Miss Copeland* as *Florence McCarthy* with two or three disguises; *Harley* as *Leporello*; and *Mr. Thompson* as *King Corney*, a *Hibernian Legitimate Monarch*, kept up the drollery and spirit of the scene with much animation; while several of the musical corps threw in additional songs and airs with good effect. Matters appeared to go on prosperously, when, as it were all at once, the drama entirely changed its phases, and became as dull as it had previously been lively. A tedious and stupid green-room rehearsal of the *Kilkenny private theatricals* tried the patience of the audience; and what withstood this, could not resist an exceedingly offensive and indecent parody on the *Vesper hymn* of a *Convent*, from which the profligate hero of the piece was seducing a *Novice*. From this period the thing declined.

The mockery of religion was followed by a caricature of justice; and *King Corney* condemned *Juan* to be hanged for the rape of the *Novice* without exciting any merriment. Indeed it happened, as it often does when the sense and taste of the public are affronted, that justice was not done to the unobjectionable and better parts. A very clever and original scene of a theatre upon the stage, with an inner stage, pit, and boxes, with company, was more hissed than applauded, though in our opinion it richly merited the latter. The whole plot, if we can say so, consists of the intrigues of *Juan* with every woman he sees; peasant, (Irish) princess, old Scotchwoman, *Novice*, female of any condition or complexion. He is saved at last from the gallows by the arrival of the *King in Ireland*; and the third act is assigned, independently of its precursors, to a representation of the ceremony which took place on that occasion. To us the pageant appeared to be very closely copied, and very handsomely got up; but either it had not interest enough, or some other cause operated against it, for more displeasure than pleasure was manifested during its continuance. We do not know what retrenchment and alterations may do for it; but fear, notwithstanding the expense it must have cost, that it is not calculated to establish itself with the town, far less to be a favourite. To the performers generally every praise is due. *Vestris* played with all her usual vivacity, and sang with all her usual sweetness. *Miss Copeland* proved herself to be a most pleasing acquisition to this stage. Her peasant girl is perfect in its class, pretty, arch, and simple. When she put on a fine silk dress she was not at home, but in the disguise of *Mrs. Moneymickle*, and the parody on *John Anderson my jo*, her voice, weak and tremulous with age, was admirable. *Fitzwilliam*, as a tight boy, was also very natural, and very happy. He too is a marked accession to the comic strength of the company. We never saw *Mr. Thompson* perform so well as in the slight character of *King Corney*; his *Pizarro* is not comparable to it. *Knight* was thrust in as a *Yorkshire Irishman*, and did the best for an indifferent part: his powers seem to be very limited, but this perhaps arises from the everlasting sameness of the things contrived for him to do, and which always require the same hopping about the stage, the same rustic grin to the pit, the same curly wig, and the same flowered waistcoat, short coat, stockings, garters, and leathern or corduroy inexpressibles. *Miss Povey*, as the *Novice* of *St. Dominick*, sang very tenderly, and *Miss Cubitt*, as the *Wild Irish Girl*, exerted her person and voice with similar efficacy. In the pageant, *Elliston's Monarch* was most royal—the scenery appropriate, and some of it executed in a superior style.

COVENT GARDEN.

Here the usual entertainment for the Christmas Holidays has been brought out in a Pantomime founded on the tale of the *Yellow Dwarf*, which was some time since

dramatized at *Sadler's Wells*. Were we to proportion our critiques to the importance of the pieces performed, we should have a long article on this short subject; but, though we are free to confess that Pantomimes are now the foremost productions of the stage, we do not feel disposed to say much respecting the new exemplar. And our reason is simply because there is little reason in the thing itself. It partakes in a superb degree of those qualities for which *Covent Garden* is most renowned,—splendour of decoration and beauty of scenery. Nothing can exceed the succession of gorgeous spectacles which it presents, till the eye is almost tired of magnificence, and would be glad to repose on a dingy back scene or long-used wing. A palace of steel is among the most unrivalled of these efforts of the painter. The animated characters are what we have been accustomed to witness on similar occasions; *Grimaldi*, father and son, as clown and lacquey, *Ellar Harlequin*, *Dennett Columbine*, &c. If any thing is wanting it is fun, which is now a commodity so scarce as to be worth double price. It is offered at the *Minor Theatres* to be sure, but so incorporated with licentiousness and blackguardism that no decent family can go to that market for it; and the regular houses seem to make it a matter of conscience to be regularly dull. We hope the clown will throw some tricks into the *Yellow Dwarf*, which with a few metamorphoses would render it quite delectable for the young and old lovers of rational amusement!

Varieties.

Petersburg, 6th Nov.—On the arrangement of the Imperial library in this city, and of the various collections belonging to it, two very large copperplates have been discovered: An impression being taken from them, it appeared that they contain a topographical plan of the conquest of *Smolensko* by the Poles in the year 1634, which was engraved at *Dantzig* by the command of *King Wlactislaus IV*. This plan is older than all the topographical military drawings relative to the history of the North, with which we are acquainted; no copy of it exists, at least no mention of it is any where made. The clear representation of the military dresses and customs of that time, which it also contains, are very curious. It was probably taken by *Peter I.* at *Sluck*, when he carried away from that place the library of *Prince Radzivil*.

Authentic Anecdote.—In the theatres of *Paris* it is customary when a person leaves his place in the pit, to tie his handkerchief to the back of his seat, to secure it. A young man recently did so during a representation, but an Englishman had taken his place in his absence. The first owner claimed it on his return; the Englishman would not consent to give it up, and a dispute arose, in which the Frenchman maintained his right as founded on custom, and appealed to the spectators whether such a handkerchief was not always respected? Many of the by-standers confirmed the

truth of this assertion, adding, that they did not doubt that the Englishman would readily give up his seat. The latter consented, but on resigning it over, said to the claimant with sarcastic coolness, "I did not suppose that in this country, a dirty rag represented a gentleman."

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

DECEMBER.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 13.	from 42 to 49	29.92 to 29.87
Friday 14.	from 29 to 52	29.95 to 29.92
Saturday 15.	from 45 to 52	29.94 to 29.89
Sunday 16.	from 40 to 54	29.76 to 29.66
Monday 17.	from 47 to 53	29.50 to 29.40
Tuesday 18.	from 41 to 50	29.06 to 29.10
Wednesday 19.	from 39 to 50	29.12 to 29.25
Rain fallen during the week, .375 of an inch.		
Thursday 20.	from 33 to 44	29.35 to 29.99
Friday 21.	from 38 to 50	29.94 to 29.22
Saturday 22.	from 34 to 42	29.41 to 29.31
Sunday 23.	from 34 to 46	29.12 to 29.21
Monday 24.	from 34 to 48	28.89 to 28.06
Tuesday 25.	from 35 to 42	28.24 to 28.50
Wednesday 26.	from 34 to 41	28.42 to 29.70
Wind varying N.E. to S.W. Weather generally cloudy, with rain.		
Rain fallen during the week, 2 inches.		

The Barometer remarkably low—Communications would be very interesting.

BISHOP BERKELEY.—We were certainly hasty and to blame in classing the name of Berkeley with Toland's, &c. in our last week's *Gazette* (Review of Cain); for however we may dissent from his metaphysical opinions, we are far more inclined to grant him the wide claim of "every virtue under heaven," than to rank him with Infidels and Atheists. We trust, therefore, that this explanation will satisfy his friends, and especially that relative whose remonstrance to us we feel to be perfectly just, as it is couched in liberal terms.

In our next we purpose giving an abstract of a celebrated old Italian work, on Painting, by C. Cennini, recently edited by Tambroni, and completely dissipating the belief that J. Von Eyck was the inventor of oil painting. ERRATA. Last Number, p. 813, col. 1, l. 31, for *Naufrage* read *Naufrage*. In p. 814, col. 3, l. 10, the letter *e* has dropped out of 'late.'

To Correspondents.

Saltero, J. H., and Mr. James Henderson, as soon as possible. L.'s fancy is better than her composition, which will not do. B. is, we fear, too long. T. T. should learn to spell before correcting our dramatic Criticisms. What such an authority thinks "contemptible," is a matter of perfect indifference. P. P. of Glasgow, may be a wag for aught we know.

Various Communications are left for Correspondents at our Office.

We are sorry for our fair Correspondent G., and, if we knew her, would be kinder to her than those insensate beings whose regardlessness of her seems to have called forth such plaintive verses. She speaks feelingly of dying, and we give the last lines of her *Form* (the whole being too much for us) in the hope that they will touch the breasts of her hard-hearted friends.—But should they think of me, what will their thoughts For when in life, they did not regard me; [avail, Should then, over my cold silent tomb, one befall, Or many sigh there, could they awake me?

Fine Arts.—Mr. J. G. Walker writes to us to correct an inadvertency in our Review of Wilson's *History of Christ's Church*, (No. 226) wherein we mentioned Mr. Walker's Engraving from *Stothard* as an Etching. His work is, he informs us, to be finished in the *Lincolner*; to consist of a hundred figures, eighty-five of them portraits; and represent one of the Annual Declarations which take place before the Governors. A proof, he adds, will be ready in a short time.

* Mr. Wilson also informs us that it is the Annual List of Governors which is published at the Counting House at 12. The General List, as given in his book, costs a Guinea.

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